

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMPTY METHODIST CHURCHES.

BY REV. EMORY J. HAYNES.

It may not be worth while to inquire in regard to the fortunes of an individual in this great work in which we are engaged. Christ and His cause are all in all, and men nothing; a half-truth. The adaptations of men were considered by Christ in the call of disciples; our Discipline regards gifts, graces, and usefulness. Our laymen do not scruple to ask about so vulgar a thing as drawing power. Paul drew wonderfully; and indeed, if a preacher cannot get hold of the "rif-raff" (shame that that word is ever used, meaning the careless comers and goers who float into one's congregation) out of the world, and elsewhere, then his work is simply feeding the milk of the Word to converted hearers, one half of his proper task.

Your correspondent refers to the past, when Methodist city churches were filled. But times change; the fancies of the people change. Why regard fancies? Because we are fishers of men, and we are bound to catch them; if not in Jerusalem, because the Feast is over, then in Galilee; if not in Galilee, because great multitudes have gone up to tabernacles, then in the tabernacle-crowds of the capital. Take the lecture bureau forty years ago—unknown when the people demanded it—then the clergy wisely stepped upon the platform (a crazy minister would not, in the fathers' days), and met the people with so much of religious or ethical truth as possible. To-day in the greater cities there is a demand for the modern "tabernacle," a large room filled with a great audience, with moving congregational singing. It is to the city just what the camp-meeting of the past was to the country; what Wesley's preaching in the fields was in our inception. A revolution has come in the city, as real, not as great, as that which followed the daily secular newspaper. As then, we met the demand with a religious paper, to keep the world's eye, so to day, if Methodism will hold her own in the cities, she must turn this popular fancy to account. Talmage in Brooklyn, and his neighbor Scudder, by no possible means a sensationalist; Hepworth in New York; and the younger Tyng—even the conservative Episcopalians are eyes-on to the need—Murray in Boston, and Lorimer; Moody in Chicago, when at home, are suggestive instances. Brethren will pause before pronouncing lightly against such workers, or flippantly disregarding a sentiment which they have turned to such tremendous profit.

This may, or may not be the highest grade of work, though it was quite the work of One after whom great multitudes followed. But be that as it may, it must be done. It is being done. Methodists are not doing it; one may seriously question if we are doing it anywhere, for the camp-meeting crowds of to-day are largely of church-members. The old flocking together of the world's own, to hear, is passing; and this is not the fault of the ministry. It is foolish to scold them, faithful, anxious hearted. If one may trust history when his memory is youthful, and if one may believe his ears as he meets, as he hears and overhears, Church has never had talk, the modernizing, soul-burdened, more Christ-savory of the present, clergy than are they of a system, now No; it is the fault of the communities under consideration, and in such only, of course. Of camp-meetings we are not speaking. It is not possible to assign reasons altogether adequate, to account for social phases; but there are some obvious and easily-named causes of the modern "tabernacle hunger" of the city.

The horse-car lines, now gridironing the city, make great crowds possible. Is Sunday traffic? That does not alter the fact. And is it now really the Bishop's fault, as he rides thus to his appointment, if he chance not to be staying with a layman whose coachman is at command, that the car company do not arrange their work so as to give some portion of Sabbath rest to employees, as we do with our necessarily working cook? The constant recurrence of conventions for religious purposes, Sunday-school unions, union temperance meetings and revival work, which of late have been habitual in cities, these give people a taste of the enthusiasm of a crowd.

The sense of power which is so palpable and reassuring in a great congregation, is exceedingly grateful of late in large cities—wholly given up to idolatry. The proportion of believers to unbelievers is more appreciated, at least, if it is not greater in the modern city, and a great brotherhood affords courage.

The burdens of Christian work are supposed to be better distributed, and the combined mites seem to tell more when thousands are aggregated. Yes, let us say it, the man of small means is afraid of the small Church, with its necessary expenses. We point out facts, not frame apologies. And another fact is, that city-dwelling is not as cheap to-day as forty years ago. Another cause is as old as the hills: "where a crowd goes, the crowd will go." We meet to converse; we spread intelligence by these same horse-cars and ferry-boats, chatting to and from business; by a multiplied press, so that an unusual interest, once started in a particular building, it becomes more widely known, and sooner, than forty years ago. The singing is magnificent and congregational. The full house is wonderfully impressive. "Why, there were three thousand people there! And

you have never been where you could ride there in ten minutes?"

Forty years ago Methodism was distinctive. "Go and hear these Methodists! they are a queer folk." But how is it to-day? Do we preach without notes? So do the Congregationalists. Beecher and we have taught them that. Do we preach free will? So do Presbyterians. Do we sing moving songs, ask men to rise for prayers, cry amen? So do others. Methodism is "Christianity in earnest," but it is not the only earnest company; in fact, all denominations in intelligent circles are become one in doctrine. You may go from church to church and not detect, by sermon, song or sanctity, the denomination.

What then? It is the preacher, the building, the zest and enjoyment or profit of service which are left to-day the determinative data for the question, Where shall I go to church? This applies to all save the Episcopalian. The Baptist may be immersed in any tabernacle.

These are a few reasons. What now could be the expected result? Rev. T. D. W. Talmage, a man personally known to the writer, has great generosity, is everybody's friend; he is deeply pious, wholly in earnest; can endure like iron, and is probably one of the hardest workers who now move hand or foot or brain in the land. He is a born captain, possessing the organizing faculty. He has remarkable flow of cheerful humor, a wonderful imagination. It is not, however, to account wholly for his success, but to ask a question or two that we have ventured upon personal references. Upon reading him, may not one conclude that we have scores of Methodists who preach as bold a doctrine? who put it, as quaintly, even grotesquely as he? Have we, indeed, no one as truly in earnest, as iron-like in endurance, as fervid, impassioned, industrious? Have we literally none as willing to weave in all helps? But we have only to turn from him to such men as Murray in Boston, or Scudder in Brooklyn, as before noted, to find men of a totally different type, of whom no one could assign extravagance as the cause of success—preachers, the center of a great company. Nor will it do to reflect doubtfully upon the intelligence or culture of these attendants upon the mass-congregations; they are the average church-goers in these respects.

One concludes, therefore, that, given a preacher of mark in any direction, a building of size, with organ and other helps, situated at the confluence of city travel; and, finally, a little time with the assurance of continuance; and the call for it, this late-born demand, if you please, will crowd such an enterprise to the overflow. But how difficult is it to obtain these later conditions with us! Not to dwell upon the more obvious, consider the situation of our churches. In some cases comparisons are plainly most unjust, for the building is not accessible to a large population. In others, of a more fortunate location, we must remember that a board of Methodist trustees would hesitate long before pulling down a good, though inadequate building, for the three years of any itinerant's press of hearers. They would hesitate longer still before building a tabernacle in the next lot to their unsold, abandoned church. The mutations of congregations consequent upon changes in the pulpit are too great and too well known to admit of vast plans by officials, or to enlist generous help from "non-professing friends" of a Church.

We submit, therefore, that any Methodist who visits his nearest metropolis, and, dropping in on these vast audiences of other denominations, goes away with a secret reflection or sense of mortification concerning his own Church in the same locality, had best think again, and possibly lift a voice to help a different day in dawning.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION; TWO CONFLICTING THEORIES.

BY REV. N. W. WILDER.

SECOND PAPER.

In our first paper we gave, from Mr. Wesley's writings and from the writings of others, a description of the actual condition of Christians in a regenerate state, according to the belief of Mr. Wesley and all those who think like him. In this paper we shall endeavor to present a fair and impartial statement of another theory, which will be found, in one essential point at least, quite in conflict with the first.

The attention of the present writer was first called to this specific phase of doctrine in 1869, by an essay read before "the Ministerial and Laymen's Association of Rochester District, East Genesee Conference," by Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, which was afterwards published in pamphlet form, and put in circulation. More recently the same theory essentially, in more elaborate form, is published in a very attractive little book by the Agents of the Methodist Book Concern at New York, from the pen of Rev. J. T. Crane, D. D., of Newark Conference. Dr. Crane alludes to Mr. Wesley's use of the Ninth Article of the Church of England to describe what he believed to be the true condition of the soul regenerated, but not sanctified wholly, and asks, "Where is the proof that 'original sin,' or 'this infection of nature' remains, yea, in them that are regenerated?"

"When Christ healed the lame, it was not by a partial cure, which sent him away limping; and if, as we all believe, the same act of faith secured the pardon of sin and the regeneration of the soul, why should the inner salvation be less thorough than the outward?

... If at conversion a 'residue of depravity' is left in the soul, for what purpose is it left? Shall we adopt the theory of Whitefield, that some Amelicks must be left in the land to keep Israel humble? ... In all that God has revealed of Himself, of all His plans, I see nothing that explains why the 'seeds of sin' should be left in the regenerate. Every reason that calls for a removal of half of the depravity requires the removal of the whole of it. Is not the babe in Christ weak, unskilled in the wiles of the adversary, and new to all the duties of the new life? Why must he set out, in his weakness, with this burden upon him? Wherefore must he begin his heavenward flight with a broken wing?"

In defense of his belief that all the "infection of nature," or "inbred sin," is removed in the work of regeneration, Dr. Crane quotes numerous passages of Scripture, chief among which, we judge, are the following:—"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17. "Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." Roman vi. 18. "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9. With great force Dr. Crane urges these and kindred passages against the theory that "inbred sin" remains after regeneration, and asks concerning the last passage quoted here, "What right have any to separate the last seven words from this passage, and declare that they describe a work wholly distinct and separate from the work described in the first part of it?"

Rev. D. C. W. Huntington, now Dr. Huntington, in the essay before alluded to, endeavors to show that had Mr. Wesley been familiar with the classification of mental operations now quite generally admitted to be correct, he would not have fallen into what appears to us to be an error in discoursing concerning "inbred sin." The intellectual philosophy which Mr. Wesley accepted gave to mental operations a two-fold classification, namely, the understanding and will, to which Mr. Wesley commonly added liberty, as a property of the soul. The present classification is three-fold, namely, intellect, sensibility, and volitions. Mr. Wesley states that the "affections are only the will, exerting itself." It is easy to see, then, that the sensibilities and volitions were blended in his conceptions of mental operations. Dr. Huntington therefore remarks, "make the distinction between sensibility and the will in Wesley's philosophy which mental science now makes, and his 'inward sin' and 'inward holiness' both fall into active states of the soul. This one fact will enable the candid student of his writings to perceive that, in a vast number of passages concerning inward sin and its removal, which are so often quoted as uttering the voice of the great Wesley in favor of the theory before us, the conception is not that of a sin substantive annihilated, or carried off, but that of sin committed in the active states of the soul." That is, if we understand Dr. Huntington, it is voluntary transgression. Dr. Huntington stands by the side of Dr. Crane, according to this essay, in support of the theory that no depravity remains in the soul that is regenerated; and, farther than this, he endeavors to make Mr. Wesley teach the same, through a defective philosophy. We think Mr. Wesley did not fall into such an error as this, but taught, just as Bishop Hedding expressed it, stating it perhaps a little more concisely and clearly, that "the regenerate soul in all this does not act voluntarily. He wishes these evils were not in his heart, yet he has no power in himself to destroy them." ... It seems that the sinfulness of our nature, or original sin, may remain in the new-born soul, independent of choice, and even against choice.

From the two theories presented we gather this, as a summary of both:—1. Mr. Wesley, and those who agree with him, believe that "original sin" is the corruption of the nature of every man, and this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated; or, to use a quotation from Mr. Wesley, in regeneration "the usurper (sin) is dethroned. He remains, indeed, where he once reigned, but remains in chains."

2. The theory of Drs. Crane, Huntington, and others who agree with them, is, the regenerated soul is freed from all depravity; and whatever is left in such a soul, as anger, pride, self-will, etc., (providing there has been no backsliding, or actual voluntary transgression since conversion), is due to temptation to these things, and not to "inward sin," or depravity.

We propose to state in our third and concluding paper the two conflicting theories concerning entire sanctification.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WILMINGTON CONFERENCE.

REVIVAL WORK.

A general onslaught on the "powers of darkness" is seldom made in this Conference until the advent of the new year, the engagement being confined to somewhat desultory skirmishings; but then, in every circuit centre and in every station a general fight is brought on, and larger consequences are looked for. In the early skirmishing, however, we count up hundreds taken prisoners, while the dead, and dying, and wounded count hundreds more, and the various societies engaged are inspired with nobler resolves, and

quickened into more persistent devotion and zeal. A. D. Davis, of Epworth, Wilmington, has closed his mammoth meeting with about 200 accessions to the mission societies over which he has pastoral oversight. At Law's Chapel, Harrington Circuit, Wm. F. Talbot has closed a revival with 50 additional on probation. At New Castle J. B. Mann has closed one of the most signally blessed efforts made for years, with 40 conversions, and the Society thoroughly inspired with sanguine hopes of continued triumphs and unexampled prosperity. At Mount Pleasant J. E. Kidney has received 20 on probation. Asbury Wilmington has closed her meeting with 115 converted, most of whom have joined our Church. Geo. R. Kramer, the popular pastor, meets with continued success in every department of Church work. At Busie's, an appointment belonging to Sudlersville, Ct., C. W. Prettyman has received on probation about a score. At Claymont, W. L. S. Murray, recently appointed to this station to fill out the year made vacant by the resignation of his pastor on account of sickness, has been in the midst of a grand revival work, and already scores have professed conversion. On King's Creek Church N. McQuay has received on probation 86, and these societies, so long crippled by secessions to other Methodisms, are thoroughly flushed with visions of final overcoming. At Union, of Wyoming Charge, J. Daré is having a fine religious work with weekly accessions. At Seaford, W. H. Hutchins in two weeks witnessed 50 conversions, and the work is spreading and deepening, with indications of a hundred conversion. And at Newport, J. D. Rigg is still in the midst of gracious times. During the three years of his pastorate over this people the membership has steadily increased until the bees must swarm, or a larger hive be built. The latter is in contemplation.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Isaac Jewell, of Millsboro, is pushing to completion a neat and commodious church edifice to take the place of Connelly's chapel. The Beaver Dam's Methodist Episcopal church is going through a course of thorough renovation, C. W. Prettyman, pastor. Until the late war this was one of our best country societies; but large secessions to the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church reduced its members to a mere handful—since which time until now growth in any department has been very meagre. Now, permanent convalescence seems to have set in, and the days by-gone are returning. T. H. Haynes and his people are pushing to finish the Milford Methodist Episcopal church, and hope to dedicate it in a few weeks. A beautiful edifice is approaching rapid completion at Syneux, on Berlin Circuit, J. A. Astors, pastor. But it is left for Wilmington city to project on largest scale for church extension. The clergy and laity are organizing a "City Methodist Church Extension and Missionary Society," and propose the erection of several chapels, where openings invite our denomination to evangelistic work. Gracious consequences are anticipated.

OTHER CHURCHES.

Rev. Mr. Dinmore, of the Milford Presbyterian Church, has sent in his resignation to accept a call from Briceburg, Pa., at an increased salary, beside other pleasing considerations. Christ's P. E. Church, Cambridge, Md., has undergone renovation, and re-opens with debts all paid. The West Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, Dr. Otis, pastor, so long crippled by a crushing debt of some thirty thousand dollars, has paid off the last cent, and, in commemoration of the event, held an enthusiastic praise-meeting which was a truly religious occasion. Since then a precious revival has been going on, and many have been added to the membership. Bishop Holly, of Hayti, has visited some of the Delaware P. E. Churches, soliciting funds with which to found in his island diocese a school of divinity for the education of promising young colored men for the Protestant Episcopal ministry. He met with fair success. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore filled the pulpit of the Wilmington Unitarian church a few Sabbaths since, and preached two eloquent and truly affecting discourses. Rev. A. M. Wynn, agent of the Savannah Memorial Methodist church, has paid a visit to some of our congregations and collected fairly for his demands. The enterprise does not meet with universal approval, for several reasons, and some contribute sparingly, others not at all. Rev. George W. Kennedy has resigned his Smyrna Charge to accept a call to the Presbyterian Church in Middletown, Del. Rev. Mr. Ellock, for some time the pastor of Bridgeville Presbyterian Church, has resigned, to accept a call to Ohio. The Methodist Protestant Association, embracing the stretch of territory lying between the Susquehanna and Choptank rivers, recently met in Centerville, Md., and spent several days in interesting and fraternal discussions. Rev. C. M. Callaway, late of Va., has accepted a call to the new Grace P. E. Church in Brandywine, Del., as its first regular pastor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rev. A. T. Scott, son of the Bishop, has commenced the publication of a paper called *The Methodist Companion*, whose columns will be devoted to the advocacy of Christian holiness by constant growth. Rev. J. Humphries, the patriarch of our Conference, has been appointed to the Siloam station, Philadelphia Conference, to fill out the year of the pastor who has resigned. He still preaches with zeal and power. Rev. Geo. A. Campbell, from failing health, has been compelled to resign Claymont Station. Rev. H. G. Steamer, the popular pastor of Camden, Del. African Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Nov., after a protracted illness. He was a man of mark, and died in Christian triumph. Our Conference Assembly, under the somewhat improved regime, has advanced in patronage about fifty per cent., and anticipates a successful career in coming years.

ITINERANT.

REVIVAL IN HAVERHILL, N. H.

True Christians will always rejoice to hear that God is saving souls anywhere; especially will they rejoice to know that there is a spiritual resurrection from a death-slumber of years in any place. The present revival here is like an oasis in the desert. Oh, how it cheers the hearts of the few faithful, praying ones in their pilgrimage journey to heaven! It greatly strengthens their faith to pray on.

Cold-hearted, slumbering professors are waking up; backsliders from God are getting up out of the King's highway; God is at work in power, bringing the drunkard and the drunkard-maker into our praying band. One man worked hard in the devil's ranks till he was dragged down into the mire and filth of drunkenness, by that powerful engine of Satan, the "infernal bottle and dramshop;" swearing, quarreling and fighting. He told me that he had been convicted of his sinful ways for a long time—that he had fought against the influences of the Holy Spirit, resolved not to yield till God "made a difference between him and the course he took with some others," pulling him out of the fire by laying his wife low in the cold arms of death. He knelt at the foot of her coffin, and cried to God for mercy. God calmed the troubled waters, and spake peace to his soul. He arose, uncovered the face of his companion, pressed a kiss upon her cold lips, and then there promised God that he would live in the future so as to meet her in heaven. He apparently kept his promise for sometime, and met, prayed and labored with us; his old comrades enticed him to drink; he stood firm for a season, resisting all the unwholesome influences that were brought against him for his ruin; but, alas, in an unwatchful, unguarded moment he was again brought low by strong drink. Oh, how cruel to place temptation before such a man! What will the tempters do in the Judgment, when they must answer for the deeds done in the body, when their victims will rise up as "swift witnesses against them," and be their tormentors forever! We will not yet give him up; we will throw our arms of love around him, and pray for him (for, if he is ever saved, it must be by love), and make him feel and know that we are his friends.

God bless the Woman's Temperance Union, and all others who are praying and laboring to save our nation from the dreadful scourge of intemperance, praying rumblers to give up their inhuman business, which causes sighs, tears, and "groanings that cannot be uttered" all over our country. What a work it is to save drunkards! We can save one hundred children from ever becoming drunkards, with less labor than we can save one drunkard. If ever our nation is saved from the curse of drunkenness, it will be by giving our attention to the children. What are our Churches doing? Are they asleep, that they do not form "Bands of Hope," or "Try Companies" in every Church? Send stamp for full instructions, how to get up "Try Companies," which will greatly interest the children, and by which they can obtain financial aid in purchasing a library of good books, for the use of the company, which will interest and aid them to become strong temperance men and women in the future.

Our little Church here is poor, and greatly needs help. Shall we depart from Christian duty, if after we have done all we can, we pray God to put it into the hearts of Christian men of wealth, who as stewards are entrusted with God's "gold and silver," to donate for our relief, and to aid us in the good work of trying to save the children of our nation from becoming drunkards? Address C. B. M. Woodward, Haverhill, Grafton Co., N. H.

Will religious and temperance journals copy the above.

LETTER FROM RICHMOND.

I know that your columns are not open to controversy, and I have no literature of that kind to offer, but am quite as sure that they are open to testimony on both sides of any question. Now, I have a little evidence to give in respect to the subject of "fraternity," upon which Sister Woodworth discourses in the HERALD of Dec. 23d. I speak thereof I know, and of that only, whereas her letter seems to be hearsay evidence. Here, in Richmond (I have nothing to say about localities where I have never been; let those who have been where the case is different speak of what they know, and only of that), there is about as fraternal a spirit and practice between our own Church and the Methodist Episcopal South, as there is on the average between different denominations at the North. I have been invited into their pulpits, and have preached in them more than they have in mine, and have eaten with ministry and membership all the "fraternity victuals" that have been consumed, and the quantity is not small—

not from any lack of "fraternity" on my part, but because I don't happen to have a paragon of my own. During the late fall we carried on a protracted meeting at our church, which was blessed of God in quite a number of conversions, and several accessions. In it one, at least, of the Methodist Episcopal South preachers helped me, as I had helped him in his meetings; and the truth is, I could hardly have carried on my meetings at all but for the help of warm-hearted laymen of the same Church.

During the excitement consequent upon Bishop Haven's utterances, some uncharitable things were said by ministers of that Church here, while, on the other hand, at least one was found who in a public newspaper stated the case as fairly and justly as I could have wished it done. It may be true that in past times one or two of our Bishops have not been very well received here, and might not be now; but it is not true, as an universal statement. I am in this letter no apologist for anybody or anything; I simply want to see fair play all round. I know there are those, many of them perhaps, here and elsewhere, of a different temper; but there are many here also who know I am a Yankee, and glad I am, and who know my sentiments differ widely from theirs as to some matters, yet who treat me in all respects as a brother beloved. To these I wish the credit given which is their due.

J. P. OTIS.

A SONG FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

BY F. RAND.

Hail Columbia's hundredth birthday!
Hail a people great and free!
Hail a land of wealth and beauty,
Far outspread from sea to sea.

A hundred years of wondrous progress,
High achievement, perils passed—
See! a NATION, brave and peaceful,
Wise, and strong, compact, and vast.

Chorus. (Repeat first verse.)
See our Lakes, Canals and Rivers,
Bearing stores of meat and grain;
See the Telegraph and Railroad
Thread the mountain, web the plain.

Chorus—
Hail the land of Thrift and Plenty,
Where the Stranger finds a Home;
Boom enough, and Bread enough,
And Work enough, for all who come.

Hear the busy hum of cities;
Lo, the anvil, plough and loom;
Mark the spire, the school, the homestead—
How the wilderness doth bloom!

Chorus—
Hail the land of quiet Sabbath,
Where the Pilgrim finds a rest,
Where the Pilgrim faith still lingers,
Where the people Worship God.

See abroad, Columbia winning
Mankind's hearty sympathy;
See our banner proudly welcomed
In the ports of every sea.

Chorus—
Hail the land of Peace and Freedom,
Where Man enjoys a favored fate,
Where neither blood nor wealth is sovereign,
Where the People are the State.

"Let us have peace" with other nations,
If dishonor come not too;
But while just to other peoples,
We must to ourselves be true!

Chorus—
Then hail a peace that's universal,
Peace at home and peace abroad—
A peace so righteous and fraternal
It will may be the peace of God!

Medford, January 1, 1876.

Our Book Table.

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF JOHN ADAMS AND HIS WIFE, ABIGAIL ADAMS, DURING THE REVOLUTION; with a Memoir of Mrs. Adams, by Charles Francis Adams. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press. Boston: For sale by J. P. Magee. 12mo, 425 pp. The first edition of this interesting work, long since out of print, was published over thirty years ago. In 1848 a new edition somewhat enlarged, was issued by Wilkins, Carter & Co., which is now before us. This edition has long since disappeared from the shelves of booksellers. It contains one feature not found in the present new and very beautiful edition of these remarkable letters—it has, in the Appendix, eleven admirable letters of John Q. Adams, addressed to his eldest son, George W., while his father was at St. Petersburg, "on the study of the Bible." They should be published in a separate volume, as well as gathered into his extended memoirs. The new edition has been carefully edited and rearranged. The letters cover the era of the great birth-struggle of the country, and give an inner and social view of it, which is rarely the subject of history. The letters of Mrs. Adams are charming for their simplicity, their excellent sense, and their picturesqueness of description; while those of her husband give a vivid outline of the events occurring just before, and during the great war. No volume could be more appropriate for Centennial reading, and these rare letters will enjoy a new popularity among a fresh generation of readers.

THE PRAYER GUAGE DEBATE, by Prof. Tyndall, Francis Galton and Others, against Dr. Littledale, President McCosh, the Duke of Argyll, Canon Lyddon, and the Spectator. Boston: Congregational Society, Beacon St. The whole of the early portion of the singular and not unprofitable discussion upon the sanitary power of prayer, which commenced with an article in *The London Contemporary* for July, 1874, is given in this volume. The whole subject of prayer, in its relation to the established laws of the universe, its effect upon the divine mind and providence, and upon the devout worshippers, was fully opened up and considered in these able papers from the hands of the leading disciples of science and of revealed religion. It is particularly instructive to read these papers, in course, as they are brought together in this fine volume. The book will be welcomed by our ministers, and will be provocative of thought and discussion upon this great theme.

Some authors' works are greater than their personal reputation. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is greater than his books. These are few. They embody the results of long periods of meditation. Usually the themes have been discussed more than once before select audiences, before they assume the permanent form which the publisher gives to them.

"The Catskill Fairies," by Virginia W. Johnson (Harpers), is a prettily illustrated child's book, which gives the child a trip to the realms made famous by Rip Van Winkle and the Culprit Fay. For this writer to follow Rodman Drake and Irving, in daring to suggest a fairy, is a bold and desperate undertaking. Child will like her better than either of the others, and that is all the book is made for. More to come next week.

to them. This is eminently true of his last volume, which he entitled LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS. The last essay in the volume, upon "Immortality," was first read before a deeply interested audience, several years ago; and "Eloquence" was last read before the Boston University, to the great delight and profit of its professional students and undergraduates. The volume is a duodecimo of 314 pp., and contains ten of these clear, incisive, searching discourses upon such great themes as those mentioned, and "The Progress of Culture," "Inspiration," "Greatness and Poetry," and "Imagination." Every sentence is a thought, and every thought is clothed with a marvelous beauty and power of expression. There are few writers with such a fascination of style, who combine, also, such strength and freshness of thought. If the fire that touched Eschylus' lips had not ignited this great natural seer, what a gem he would be!

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. By George Washington Greene, LL. D. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Boston: For sale by J. P. Magee. The principal part of this finely-published volume gives two extended and well-written sketches, one, of the life of Baron Von Steuben, and the other of General John Kalb. The remainder of the book is taken up with an account of the "German Mercenaries," so called; of the manner in which their services were secured and remunerated; and the extent of their contributions, in soldiers, to European armies. The volume is another appropriate addition to our Centennial literature, both instructive and entertaining. The author gratefully acknowledges his manifest obligation to Dr. Friedrich Kapp (formerly a lawyer in New York, now a member of the German Imperial Assembly), whose studies in the history of the contributions of his countrymen to the independence of this country have already enriched our periodical literature.

Harper & Brothers make a substantial contribution to our biographical and critical literature, in the republication of the elaborate work of John Foster upon THE LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT; for sale by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The first volume, a substantial octavo of nearly five hundred pages, is now out of their press, very handsomely published. By the success that has attended the author's efforts in obtaining new materials, while he does not make a saint of the notorious Dean, he thinks he has placed him in such a light that the charitable interpretation of his acts will somewhat modify the sentiment of disgust in which he has been held, and afford at least some explanation, if not apology, for his unmanly and unchristian treatment of the two women whose unfortunate histories have been so intimately connected with his own. The history of the times, and the record of the wit of the author of "Gulliver," afford an ample field for the biographer, and result in a singularly entertaining volume. We shall recur, hereafter, to the positions of the author as to the character of his remarkable subject.

The Agents at New York, Nelson & Phillips, send out the fourth volume upon the New Testament of Dr. Whedon's admirable Commentary. The present issue covers the Sacred Writings from 1 Corinthians to 2 Timothy, inclusive. One additional volume will complete the work upon the New Testament. We shall have a full and critical review of the present volume from a competent hand. It is one of a question of characteristic perspicuity, condensation, vigor and positiveness of the preceding volumes which have come from the accomplished author's pen. At times, upon passages which have been long in discussion, Dr. Whedon enters, with all necessary amplitude of exposition and argument, as in the eleventh of 1st Corinthians, upon the public religious services of women, and in the fifteenth upon the resurrection. Where the text does not require enlargement, his few short, sharp sentences set it forth in its own clear light, and permit the mind of the Spirit, unburdened by human interpretation, to express itself. It is the model commentary for Methodist Christians, and finds an appreciative welcome in other Churches. Two volumes of this series upon the Old Testament are already issued, and the others are in preparation. It is one of a question of character which the Church will have an unequalled series of exegetical and practical Notes upon the Sacred Record. We do not enlarge upon the special features of the present volume, as this work has been committed to another hand.

ONCE MORE AMONG BOOKS.

It is a long while since we sat down amid a pile of new books. What a luxury is that of the editor! almost his only luxury. The long articles of accepted correspondents plague him; the longer ones of the rejected plague him worse. The short ones of the aggrieved, and the shorter ones of the pleased are equally perplexing; for the aggrieved mean revenge, and the gratified mean reward. That word of thanks will be followed by some tedious communication, which, if the waste-basket receives it, will end all truces and all gallantries. From these pleasures and perplexities he can turn to new books. These he can commend, and they won't feel it; he can cut 'em up," and they won't feel it, though their authors and publishers will, especially the last. So with knife in hand, a sharp-pointed dagger of a pen, he proceeds to read and note, careful to mix judicious censure sufficiently with his praise. How easy it is to find fault! An author puts his life-blood, his soul's blood into his work. For it he "scorns delight, and spends laborious days." Yet when printed, the veriest savage from his editorial pen may rush upon it, jab with his scimitar, hold it up to ridicule, cruelty and mock, and the poor author must shut his lips and keep still, or worse will be for him. Is not this critic, who never wrote and never dared to, ample to praise and to condemn? "Critics," says Disraeli, "are men who have failed," and who, per consequence, wish to fail others. Shall we fall into their error when we sit in their seat? Probably; for it is the seat that makes the man, and not the man the seat. The altar sanctifies the gift, not the gift the altar.

"The Superhuman Origin of the Bible," by Henry Rogers (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), is a refreshing handling of a familiar theme. "God is His own interpreter," is his mode of handling it; the superhumanity is inferred from His own contents. It is a rich thought, richly developed. The sickness of years of this once famous writer has brought forth this treasure of defense of the Word of God. They are lectures written, rather than pronounced. He examines its relations to nature, and its position in the world of literature. It is a book for every minister to prayerfully read.

"The Catskill Fairies," by Virginia W. Johnson (Harpers), is a prettily illustrated child's book, which gives the child a trip to the realms made famous by Rip Van Winkle and the Culprit Fay. For this writer to follow Rodman Drake and Irving, in daring to suggest a fairy, is a bold and desperate undertaking. Child will like her better than either of the others, and that is all the book is made for. More to come next week.

The Christian World.

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM IN MEXICO.

[Translated from the *Forerunner* of Nov. 27, 1875, by J. W. Butler.]

The two Republics has published the following paragraph relative to the development of Protestantism in Mexico: "There are 125 Protestant congregations, 11 churches, 99 halls of worship—\$139,000 is the probable value of church property—28 free day schools, 28 night schools, 2 orphanages, 2 theological seminaries, 6 presses employed in the publication of religious literature, 6 religious periodicals, 122 agents employed—\$100,000 spent, this year, in carrying on the work."

The figures which contain the above notice are quite significant, and we will make some reflections upon them:—For some time we have followed with particular interest the development of Protestantism in Mexico, not only as a curious event in the history of religious liberty, but taking into account the influence which the propagation of a new doctrine must exercise alike in the political as well as in the social order. To value this influence it is necessary to have in mind what Mexico has been, and what it is yet, in the great part under the exclusive dominion of the Catholic system, and to compare the practical results which the religious doctrines of Catholicism and Protestantism have exercised in the two orders mentioned. A study of this kind would give sufficient material for many volumes, and hence we will limit ourselves to certain general observations which the intelligent reader will be able to complete.

The influence of catholicism in Mexico may be considered under two very different aspects, but which are connected in themselves—as a civilizing element, and as a hindrance to progress. Its introduction into our country was not the effect of an interior evolution, occasioned by the peaceful propagation of Christian missionaries, but an act actually imposed by the armed conquest which, upon laying the basis of a society composed of foreign elements, sunk into the abjection of bondage the ancient races which populated these territories. It is not necessary to examine the unanswerable superiority of Catholicism, even in the rude forms which it took in Spain in the 16th century, over the bloody heathenism of Aztecs. The truth is, that these two acts, the introduction of Catholicism and the conquest, are intimately connected, being, in consequence, inseparable in the spirit of the indigenous race.

Considering the question from this point of view, we do not believe that the adhesion of the conquered race to the religious doctrine, which was imposed upon them in most unfortunate circumstances, was very deep; and this we satisfactorily explain to us the rare facility with which in our days the reformation has been planted. In effect, Catholicism has had no deep roots in Mexico. The indigenous race, which has formed the immense majority of our population, could not but see it as an instrument of foreign domination, with which it could never have sympathy. If the missionaries partly succeeded in mitigating a little the horrible yoke of the conqueror, even if they carried their condescension to the extreme of tolerating to a great extent the old idolatry, it was not possible for those problematic benefits to erase from the soul of the Indian the profound hatred in which he held everything which was intimately or remotely connected with the great catastrophe which happened in the first part of the 16th century. Don Carlos Maria Bustamante firmly believed that, religious liberty once decreed in Mexico, the Indians would return to the bloody worship of Huizilopochtli, this being one of the reasons why he combated a like measure. This fear, which will surely make every intelligent person smile, was upheld in a true act, and the indigenous race did not have any solid adhesion to Catholicism. It is to be seen, then, that in spite of the influence which this doctrine has exercised in our actual civilization, it is very far from being identified with it in an intimate and profound manner.

In the embryo society which was formed in the shadow of the colonial power, the ecclesiastical body, the only serious organization then extant, did not make a part of the same society; it was above it, depending upon a foreign authority. The constant movement of the evergrowing emancipation which followed that power, even in the time of the absolute monarchy, is well known. The noisy disputes between royalists and Ultramarines have no other signification.

The uprising of 1810 came to make manifest all the tendencies which were contained in the clerical system. The open antagonism in which the priesthood engaged with the cause of independence and liberty was the forcible consequence of its doctrines, dogmas and discipline, but also signified that the country had nothing to expect from that corporation, so much more dangerous was the only depository of religious and moral teaching. Out of the multitude of conflicts which surged from that period to our days this tremendous truth declared itself, becoming each day more perceptible. The Catholicism which had entered Mexico, sanctifying the conquest, was an irreconcilable enemy of emancipation, of liberty, and of the progress of the country. Thus it was as this doctrine, connected in some countries of Europe with the most glorious events of their history, in these which naturally rely

upon all the prestige of those grand national memories, in Mexico now is found fatally identified, first, with the disasters of the conquest, and then with all the abuses, with all the violence, with all the enemies of liberty, placing itself constantly on the side of the oppressors, and arriving finally to provoke and to uphold the greatest of attempts, the blackest of crimes,—treason to the country.

As is seen, we are ent of entirely from the dogmatic question, and completely locked up in the domain of history. The events which we have pointed out are undeniable, as also must be the consequences which are deduced from them. The vigorous defenders of Catholicism, consequently irreconcilable enemies of independence and of Republican institutions, frequently complain of the hatred that the liberal party professes to the Church. So, then, in that complaint there is much of truth. But it is not the liberal party merely, it is the grand mass of society, that which feels a beginning of aversion towards a doctrine riotous and mean in goodness, whose influence has arrived to be omnipotent, infinite in evil. All this is explained in a natural and logical manner. When an institution is founded in force, in fraud, and the imbruting of the people; when it erects in the fundamental beginnings of its teachings the condemnation of all civil and political liberty, not being discovered in all its acts anything else than the most scandalous speculation, that institution, we say, is fatally destined to disappear, receiving a death blow at each step that the people take in the way of advance and improvement. Such has been the history of Catholicism in Mexico. Such must be its necessary conclusion.

After this, the rapid progress that Protestantism is acquiring in Mexico cannot be a surprise to any one. The conservative party, protectionist in the matter of religion, combated as long as it could the liberty of conscience, as well as all other liberties; but the day this liberty stood definitely secured, it was consigned to believing that nothing could be made to counterbalance the Catholic influence, depending for this upon the proverbial ignorance of our people, and their meritorious imagination, etc. This time, as always, it was mistaken in its calculations. The terrible blow which the Church had received, and the germ of death which had been planted in its bosom from its implantation in these regions, was not perceived. The breach was profound; no human power could succeed in spanning it; criticism, and more than it, acts had precipitated the work of dissolution; doubt had penetrated into the world of dogmas; the beginning of an evil whose ravages had been made to be felt everywhere had wished to be surprised; the field could not be better prepared for the invasion of a new doctrine, which came to conciliate the peace of spirits with material and social welfare, which came to place in memory the duties of religion, with the duties, no less sacred, of country.

We have said it, and we repeat it, that we keep ourselves entirely free from every dogmatic question. Let the Protestant and Catholic divines dispute as much as they like, as to which of both forms is most in conformity with the genuine doctrine of Jesus, we only consider its social and political side in relation to the future of the country. So, then, in this sense, *without reserve*, we applaud the propagation of Protestantism in Mexico, for we see it is the only means of terminating a crisis dangerous enough. Catholicism is impotent to detain the advances of the philosophical spirit; this same system facilitates those advances by its unbearable and illiterate conduct. Unbelief and indifference, powerful to destroy, cannot satisfy the religious aspirations of a people; and the shipwreck of morality (i. e., the relaxation of all social ties) must follow the shipwreck of beliefs, if there is not a new centre to direct and purify religious operations.

Such is the show that Protestantism is said to make among us. The people must harmonize their tendencies; they cannot progress in one sense while they remain stationary in another; a society cannot be retrograde and monarchical in the Church, progressive and liberal in the public square; the 19th century and the middle age are incompatible; and it is not the worship of Huizilopochtli, nor the semi-Arabic Christianity of Philip II. that can satisfy the moral necessities of a Republican people which aspires to occupy a worthy place in modern civilization.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

PROTESTANTISM IN ROME.—The elegant edifice of the American Episcopal Church now building in Rome, which will be ready for consecration by the 25th of March, is a remarkably beautiful church even in that city of churches. It is built (says a correspondent) in the Italian Gothic style, and will have a chime of twenty-three bells, whose tones will summon to Protestant worship in the heart of the most stronghold and abiding place of Catholicism, and in sight of the Vatican. There is a new church edifice nearly completed, with money furnished by the Methodist denomination in the United States, for the Italians there who sympathize with that form of worship. It is small in dimensions, of the Gothic style of architecture, and is built snugly up to the side of one of the Roman Catholic churches which are grouped around the Fountain of Trevi and the Palazzo Poli. The willingness of the Italian government to have these churches erected in the heart of the city of the Popes, is re-

garded by the clerical party and the Papal authorities as the one deadly sin which places king and government beyond forgiveness.

ROME AS IT IS.—Rome is a gigantic village, which has grown up in a helter-skelter fashion, with no order or regularity. One-half the town is a labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, leading to nothing, and in which one may be easily lost. Some foreigners who have known the place twenty years cannot find their way from the Pantheon to the Chiesa Nuova without a map or a guide. If half the buildings were thrown down and more convenient avenues of communication opened, the remedy for actual defects would be but partial, for these defects penetrate to a great depth below the present surface. In breaking up the ground to put down drains, fragments of ancient wall of enormous thickness are everywhere encountered, through which it is as difficult to penetrate as through the solid masses of a stone quarry. They are now carrying a drain across the square of the Pantheon, and, at a depth of ten or twelve feet below the modern level, blocks of travertine of great thickness are come upon, which it is not easy to remove. Every kind of debris is thrown out, from fragments of what were once representations of the human form to bits of tiles and vessels of terra cotta which served for domestic use one or two thousand years ago. The ground is a mass of minute objects upon which the hand of man has wrought, crumbled by time and destructive violence, into indiscriminate and worthless ruins.—*Rome Correspondent.*

Commodore Vanderbilt, who gave to the University at Nashville, bearing his name, \$600,000, a few days ago gave another \$100,000 thus increasing his cash donation to \$700,000. We are informed that last week he made the further gift of \$300,000, depositing the amount in the Union Trust Company in this city, and payable to the order of the trustees of the Vanderbilt University. This increased the total gift to a round million of dollars—the largest donation made by a single individual to any educational institution in America. We congratulate our friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, on the reception of this magnificent sum for the benefit of their chief and promising educational enterprise.—*Christian Advocate.*

Calling piety beautiful and becoming, is not the same thing as standing firmly by an imperiled principle. The latter is the real test. A thousand wishes that we were glorified saints are less in God's eye than one manly grapple with a worldly passion. There is, indeed, a divine beauty in Christian fidelity; but the true worker is not aiming so much at the beauty as at the faithfulness. If we take care of our faithfulness, God will take care of our triumphs; and when the hour of victory comes, we need have no fear but the faith that did not falter, and the work that would not cease, will blossom out into a glory brighter than the vision of any dream.—*Morning Star.*

A man whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday-school kept his eyes wide open during prayer, and when one boy thrust a pin into another, he marched up the aisle, still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

REPORT TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

During the calendar year, 1875, the Board of Education has expended \$9,170 for the assistance of students, distributed among the three theological schools, twenty-four colleges and nine academies. The number of students aided is 170. The average sum loaned to each student is \$53.94. Three of the number were young women, the rest young men. The most of them have declared their intention to enter the ministry, or to become teachers in our missionary field of labor. Many of them have already a license to preach, and all have been recommended either by a Quarterly Conference, or by the preacher in charge and the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and by the president of the institution at which they study. The aid is tendered in the form of a loan, to be repaid at the earliest convenience, without interest, after the school education is finished. None have received more than \$100 apiece, some only \$10.

During the year several Annual Conferences have organized Education Societies auxiliary to the Board of Education, nominally adopting the form of constitution which we recommended; but these societies select their own beneficiaries, and distribute their own funds, and neglect to send to the Board reports of their proceedings. If they would send me reports I would gladly give a summary of their work, which would be interesting and instructive, but my information is so incomplete that I can not do so.

"Children's Day," the second Sunday in June, has been observed by a few Sunday-schools, and small collections have been taken and sent to us, which has constituted our receipts in addition to the interest on our fund. Our fund now amounts to \$102,000; \$2,000 have been added to it during this year. The Board of Education is paying no salary, and is at no expense, except the slight and actual traveling expenses of its members to attend the meetings, and the cost of stationery, postage, and printing, amounting, I think, to between two and three hundred dollars this year.

During the year I have heard of three parties who expressed their determination to remember the Board of Education in making their wills, and it is believed that many will choose the Board as the almoner of a part of their bounty, when they come to understand how great the demand is for the aid of needy students, and how economically and impartially its funds are used; and also how permanent and safe this Board of Education must be. It represents the whole Church, and must be perpetual. Some of our colleges have established local funds for the same purpose, and therefore the work of the Board represents but a part, probably indeed a small part, of what is actually done.

It should be remembered that the Board of Education does not profess nor aim to help schools. It confines its attention to the assistance of students. It cannot loan its capital. It uses only its income. Often too, help has been asked for the children of ministers, or needy Church members, or orphans, without reference particularly to their character or purposes. These petitions it has been compelled to disregard, basing all its action on the purpose to assist needy students for the ministry or for missionary labor.

The Board of Education must be regarded as yet in its early stages, and it hopes to win the attention and favor of the community, so as steadily and constantly to increase in influence, and to accomplish a work more commensurate with the magnitude of the demand and the ability of the Church.

E. O. HAYEN, Corresponding Sec'y.

The Centennial Commission say, "It seems proper that the local celebrations of the Fourth of July, 1876, which will be held throughout the land, should be made to contribute to a permanent historical memorial of the Centennial Celebration. In each county provision should be made for the delivery of an address tracing the history of that particular community for the past century, or from the time of its settlement, and including a sketch of its growth, its resources, industries, prospects, etc. These addresses should be published in a uniform size—that of the Congressional documents, for instance—in order that they may be bound together by States. To competent persons the preparation of such addresses would not be an unduly burdensome task; but in the aggregate they would constitute an invaluable historical repository such as no nation has ever had the opportunity to collect. Designations of the historians ought to be made without delay, in order that they may have time to accomplish their work."

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BEANS—Extra Pea, \$1.57 @ 2.00; medium, \$1.45 @ 1.50; bush.
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BEETS—40c @ 50c; bush.
CARROTS—40c @ 50c; bush.
DRIED APPLES—7 @ 8c; bush.
ONIONS—\$1.50 @ 1.75; bush.
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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1876.

The year came in, throughout New England, in a remarkable manner. The Methodists, perhaps not as universally as formerly, but quite generally, held their watch-nights; and they proved to be seasons of remarkable spiritual power. But other denominations, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Unitarians also, held religious services through the closing hours of the expiring year. In addition to this, in many places public meetings were held in honor of the opening of the Centennial year; addresses were made, bells were rung, and cannon fired, as the memorable era broke over the land. Would that we might enjoy a Centennial revival! How memorable would the opening of our second century become if introduced by a Pentecost.

While some forms of business have been prospering during the present season of depression and most of our agricultural districts have enjoyed good seasons, some of the laboring community in our manufacturing towns have suffered greatly from the cessation of work, or the reduction of wages. We receive sad letters from some of our subscribers in such towns, who grieve to drop their weekly paper, and yet are hardly earning enough to purchase bread and clothing. We should be glad to supply these families with the great weekly comfort of their prized religious sheet. We have also opportunities of sending the paper where it will accomplish good as an evangelist. We are willing to subscribe everything but its bare cost. If our friends, as often heretofore, will forward us a small sum of money, we will place Zion's Herald where it will do the most good. We have many appeals for it from our colored ministers at the South, and should be happy to respond to these calls.

Our truly venerable Father Boehm, whose centennial was celebrated last June, has at length quietly fallen asleep and been gathered to the great company of ministers and members whom he has known, and who have preceded him to heaven. He was the traveling companion of Bishop Asbury, and has been familiar with all his episcopal successors. His life has been an encyclopedia of its incidents, discussions, and progress. He was a man of impressive and very remarkable presence, very simple and attractive in his manners, and eminently devoted in his whole conversation. His presence has long been in itself a benediction, in such public services as he was able to attend. He died at the residence of his grand-daughter, near Richmond, Staten Island, from whom he has long received the tenderest and most faithful care, and last week his brethren, much younger, though the leaders themselves in the Church, buried him with solemn and appropriate services. "During the past year," says an exchange, "he has frequently prophesied that this would be his last in the journey here below, and that then he would go yonder (pointing upward) to his home. It was hoped that he would live to participate in the Centennial of his country, which is younger than he, but that hope has not been realized."

The Massachusetts Teacher's Association held its thirty-first annual meeting last week in the fine building of our city devoted to the Girls' High and Normal School. It was an occasion of peculiar interest, and profit. The papers read were of more than ordinary ability and pertinence to the hour. The admirable discussion of the theme, Science and Sentiment, by President Porter of Yale College, was worth of itself the assembling of the Convention. Fine practical papers were read by Rev. A. D. Mayo, and Dr. Peabody. Other excellent essays were given and discussed by the leading educators of New England. An impression has been made that will not be soon effaced, and thoughtful men will set themselves to the study of our public school system afresh.

The Northwestern well says in its last editorial, pertinent alike to the close and opening of the year:—

"What a point of time it is, too, to begin in earnest a new life, under the inspiration of a new year, promised, indeed, to us on any day, or in any hour when we surrender ourselves to our yearning Father. We have tried, and tried again at these pivotal seasons to enter that new life; but, trying in our own strength, we have so often failed miserably! We may indeed enter this new life at any time, but this hallowed year opening the new year is an added persuasion

to come to the Cross and surrender to the world's Redeemer. Beginning thus, and now, we shall persevere even unto the end, for God hath promised grace for every day and for every time of need. Be ye, then, or twenty, or fifty, or eighty—now is the acceptable time, now is the day of your salvation!"

Says the *Boston Pilot*, usually one of the most candid and liberal sheets issuing from a Catholic press: "With or without Bible reading; with or without Protestant catechisms; with or without hymn singing, in which irreverence and false doctrine blend—public schools, especially for primary instruction, from which Catholic control and influence are banished, are forbidden to every one that does not set himself up as a Protestant against the Pope, touching the Catholic Church!"

THE NEW YEAR.

There is nothing novel in the opening of another year save the final figure in the date of our letters, with which it is a little difficult at first for us to accustom ourselves. There is no striking natural event marks the close of one year or the beginning of the next. Day and night, in their rapid and noiseless career, follow each other in unbroken succession. Our clocks strike amid the solemn silence of the night, and then we wish each other, "A Happy New Year."

We have always wondered why such an era should be celebrated as a joyful occasion. We were quite startled by our first experience of the New York custom, among certain classes, of closing the old year and opening the new year with all manner of hideous sounds; the blowing of trumpets and firing of guns. We have always had a hearty sympathy with that devout custom of our Church, obtained from the Moravians, of passing the final hours of the year in prayer, and the opening moments of the new in humble and grateful consecration to God. There is little in the associations of the hour to occasion emotions of exhilaration, while abundance of reasons may be found for humility and thankfulness. A very considerable portion of our mortal life has been measured off, and we are brought so much nearer the realities of the invisible world. These days, which have winged themselves away like the swift birds, are by no means disconnected from us. They seem to perish, but God requires them at our hands. They have left ineffaceable impressions upon us which we shall bear with us into eternity; and we have had responsibilities in reference to them, of which we shall be reminded hereafter. We cannot avoid thinking of this—that a broad strip of our probationary state breaks apparently away from us, and floats off into the invisible distance.

No thoughtful man can stretch his vision forward without solemn reflections. It is almost oppressive to think how slight a distance we can see in advance of us, and how contingent is every future event. We can only rely upon the positive laws of the universe. We may pretty clearly foretell the probable outcome of certain political movements. We may have an almost present knowledge of the developments of mercantile, manufacturing or commercial business. We may wisely lay our plans and secure financial success, not as an accident, but as a consequence of a well-trained intellect and a familiar acquaintance with the great natural and social laws upon which such results depend. But, with all this, how far can we really see in advance of us? Events may occur as we prophesy; but we have left out important factors from our calculation. The harvests indeed always follow the seed times, and are proportioned to the faithfulness with which they are improved, but the reaper may fall long before his sheaves are ripened! Who can prophesy as to his own health? We see clearly the path of fortune wide open before us, but just as we are ready to enter in, our strength fails us, and we sink down with our prophetic unrealized. We cannot presume upon the future; no, not for an hour. What signal illustrations we have had constantly around us of late! Men have fallen, without a moment's warning, in their counting rooms, in their homes, in the cars, in the house of God and in the streets. In a moment they were not, for God took them! And men fall who have no premonitory intimations of this abrupt termination of their earthly career. The event is not preceded by years of heart affliction, by agonizing pains or hours of weariness; but apparently in the height of health, some delicate tissue breaks, and in an instant the mortal crystallizes forever into its immortal destiny.

We are more disposed to think of this, as indeed we ought, at the commencement of a year. While we know the possibilities that invest our human life, and fully admit the uncertainty of the period before us, there is little to arouse or startle us as we move on from day to day in our ordinary round of duties. It is wonderful how we accustom ourselves to the casualties that occur to others. Our neighbors suddenly die; some serious catastrophe carries off a number of those with whom we have been familiarly associated. Somehow we have come to look upon such things as one of the natural incidents of life. We are quite prepared to hear of calamities falling upon other families or individuals, but we rarely take the providence home to ourselves, or think it probable, or even possible, that such an event could occur in our history. But when we stand at the head of a long and definite period of time, and cast a glance downward, no thoughtful man

can avoid a solemn personal impression in reference to the possible events embosomed within it. What may be the history of this period, in our family? What disappointments, sorrows, physical pains; what trials, temptations, moral failures; what lapses of spiritual life, darkness, bitterness, despair; and where will the close of 1876 find us!

If there is any period in life, it is such an one as this, when a man can enter into full sympathy with Moses, as he stood near the "cloudy pillar," at the door of the tabernacle, and prayed, "Show me now Thy way, that I may know Thee, that I may find grace in Thy sight." *** If Thy Presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." The burden is too great for human hearts to bear, and the perils are too imminent and serious to be undertaken alone. We stretch up our human hands like a timid child, and only feel strong and well-assured when the voice comes forth from the cloud: "My Presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest!" After Jacob had become entirely assured of his relation to the Angel of the Covenant, during that memorable and solemn night of struggle on the upper side of the brook Jabbok, he no longer feared his angry brother Esau, or the perils that had overwhelmed him with terror the day before. His tents are always safe around which encamp "God's host!"

The whole moral character of the year will be very much determined by its commencement. It was a happy thought that suggested the period of united prayer at the opening of the new year. After we are fairly launched into its new business and its social and domestic calls and pleasures, our life will sink back into its habitual routine, unless we receive a great uplift in these early hours. Every pastor should be impressed with this truth as it relates to his own religious experience, and to the spiritual earnestness of his people. Let nothing interrupt the great work of these opening hours of 1876. There is only one absolutely indispensable thing to be done. No business will really suffer, that is delayed long enough for Jacob to cross the brook, reconsecrate himself to God, and once more recover the uplifted light of His countenance. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

COMPROMISE OR SUBJECTION.

In the famous conflict of the Jesuits with the German government, with Prussia especially, there are signs here and there for the last three weeks of their demoralization, and an evident longing for peace. And this change is by no means a miracle, for these Jesuitical chess-players know well how to weigh the chances for and against, and are evidently seeing that their position is no very pleasant one. It is their ordinary business to make the very highest demands, and, finally, to take all they can get.

The famous May laws concerning the schools, high and low, which many predicted would have no effect, are beginning to be felt by their successful operation. The whole hierarchical edifice is beginning to totter, while the State which they threatened with ruin, stands as firmly as ever, and unimpaired in its full activity. The Vatican has given up for the nonce all hope of help from without, and of civil war within, which were to aid their claims to a victorious result. The question, therefore, now is what shall we do in this dilemma? And thus we hear in the councils of the wisest of them, the word "compromise"; for "when worst comes to the worst," say they, "we can arrive at the end of this conflict by a compromise."

Whether they really believe this or not is all the same; at least, they pretend to, though they are evidently counting without their host, and with a very false estimate of the true position of affairs. The State demands from the rebellious clergy what it demands from all its citizens, namely, unconditional submission to the laws. If the priests offer this obedience freely, and if not, then will the State continue the battle, until their complete subjection. No Prussian statesman who has gone through this thing from the beginning, would wish anything else without the most culpable shortsightedness, for it would plunge Germany into the greatest danger, and the surest step to its ruin. It is quite probable that Rome and its followers would earlier or later be willing to adjourn for a time its absolute claims with a view to a mutual concession in which she would gain the acknowledgment that she is a power of equal authority with her opponent. This one thing would be for her an important victory.

Such a concession on the part of the government would lead to great misfortunes that would certainly make themselves evident in the future. And, therefore, the most enlightened of the Germans say, "let us listen to no voice that recommends compromise with this principle of evil, however plausible it may seem." The Romish clergy in all lands form one well organized and allied body, with common alliances for common ends; and if in one land there may be reasons for yielding to them in some respects, it may be well to look into others where circumstances permit them a more free and untrammelled movement. And for this purpose we need not point to France, Spain, or Sicily, where they now have full sway, but in the very heart of Germany, there is a land which shows clearly enough just what they will do where they have the

power. Scarcely did they gain a little transient power in Bavaria before they came out in the Chambers of that country and turned everything topsy-turvy by their unparalleled demands. They appealed by public circular to their most "Catholic King" to exclude all the old Catholics from their rights in the Churches, and to restore to themselves their former influence in the schools. And, in doing this, they made the most open attack on the ministers of the State, and the confidential minister of the monarch. They knew that such a circular would not be answered, but it afforded them the chance which they wanted of producing agitation.

Now as a piece of tactics this was rather unwise on the part of the Bavarian Bishops, for it shows just what must be done in Bavaria or anywhere else, in order to compromise with them. And these are but the first steps, for when they are more secure in their seats, these demands would be greatly increased. And again they were unwise; for in all the troubles with the government, hitherto, they have assured their followers that the king was on their side; that they were fighting for him and the crown, and thus threw sand into the eyes of their people, for there was not a word of truth in it. The king of Bavaria has never been in sympathy with them, and they knew it, but the cry of loyalty to the government, and the king was a good and profitable one for them to raise among the ignorant peasantry.

When they obtained an accidental majority of two votes in a large body they denied to the king his constitutional right to appeal from the ignorant and deluded to the intelligent portion of his nation. They would have him abdicate and give up his country to a party that is neither Bavarian nor German, but clearly Romish in all its demands and aims. It is well that the king paid no attention to these traitors in his midst, other than to censure them for their disloyalty and arrogance, and let his nation know by his most decided act of rejecting their demands and address, and bidding them go to their homes. Compromise with such men anywhere is simply giving them the field. Let them obey the laws like other citizens, and there will be no need of compromise.

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

The entrance on another year, the turning, as it were, a fresh leaf in the inscrutable volume of our existence, is adapted to awaken both pleasing and serious reflections on the lessons of our mortal state. The unfolding future, with its mingling of light and shade, its clear revelation and sealed mystery, is wont to be colored and illuminated by the hues of a brilliant imagination; but, on the other hand, when we consider what life is—the beginning of continual existence, the childhood of our immortality—and how our conduct here is shaping that future destiny, it assumes a serious aspect and impresses us with a sense of our responsibilities to the Father of all. However pleasing in some of its aspects, life is a serious matter, and its conduct should engage our earnest consideration.

At an hour like the present, when we are about to open a new account with Providence, when we go forth to fresh trials, duties and responsibilities, we have need of Divine aid to inspire us with correct views and purposes and to give the right direction and shape to our lives, that the end of our course may be better than the beginning.

In this transitional hour, as we recede from the past and hasten to the future, it seems eminently proper for us to endeavor to obtain clear and distinct views of the grand purpose of life, to ascertain, so far as may be, the Divine ideal of our existence, that our action may be conformed to this exalted pattern. Man is a part of the material universe, but a part projected from above, a section dovetailed in, as it were, from a higher economy, and thus to be judged not so much by his earthly as his heavenly relations. The end of a brute is attained when he answers the physical relations in which he is placed; that of a man only when he rises to the demands of a superior world. Man's first allegiance is to God, and only secondarily to earth. The material world is only the staging on which we are to build. The staging is to be torn down, but the builder and his building will remain. In a more important sense than that of the old Greek, he builds for eternity.

The knowledge of this life-purpose is important to us; for the views we entertain of the grand purpose of our existence on earth cannot fail to influence our practical conduct. If they be low and groveling, our endeavors will be correspondingly feeble and ineffectual; but, on the other hand, a just appreciation of the importance of our mission, as a preparation and school for the future life, will prove a source of strength in every struggle in which we may engage. With this ideal before us, our battles will be victorious; our march along the dusty way a continuous triumph. Lighted by the torch of revelation, our struggles no longer remain encompassed with mystery, our ills grow into good, and the great future becomes luminous by the brightened clouds as well as the sunshine of our mortal life.

In a materialistic age like ours, abounding in sensible good, opening to us the gates of an earthly Paradise, we are tempted to forget our heavenly birthright, and to attempt, with the carnal Jew, to find our rest in what ministers to the sense and the taste. The loosened sense of moral obligation and the teachings of a lax theology, help on this tendency. The world moves from beneath our feet; but the people of God

are called to rise above the world and to realize their relations to God and an immortal state.

With relationship to two worlds, the life of man becomes one of duties as well as responsibilities. The world requires work, and as we enter a new year it should be with a purpose to do our full share of honest individual work, in the great vineyard of the Master. We live in a work-world and in a work-day life. How broad the field! How white to the harvest! How varied the services to which we are invited for man's sake, for the Lord's sake, or our own sake! The world is a hospital in which we are permitted to serve in some obscure ward. If invalid ourselves, some services for others may be our means of healing. With so many calls for help, bear in mind, that "no man liveth to himself." Do the duty next to you, the little duty it may be, in the faith that the cup of cold water will not lose its reward.

In the labors of another year God asks you for cheerful service. In the Divine market, courage and hopefulness are held at a premium. Cowardice is no element of sainthood. A demure countenance, a melancholic temper, are an abomination to the Lord, as they tell of a hard service and poor pay. Caleb's "Let us go up at once for we are able" secured God's "well done."

That life will not be all fair, that it will have struggles, is probable; but a faint heart never helped over a rough passage. A brave soul is victory in advance; faintness and unfaith pre-empt the defeat. The Gospel is affirmation and hope. It has no blue side. The victories already achieved in its progress, assure us that all things are possible with God, and to our faith.

But, at the same time, enter not the field presumptuously. Measure the strength of the foe and take to aid in the work all possible helps. The past bath its lessons of encouragement or warning which may be as valuable to us as the hopes of the future. The rocks encountered may give warning of others ahead, and defeat on one field may afford the knowledge and caution indispensable to win on another. Though you have failed a thousand times, try again, try in faith.

With the ample furnishings possible, the benefit of past experience, and above all, with the Divine aid, may the year now opening to you be one of glorious victories.

LETTER FROM BROOKLYN.

In a great city the contrasts in human lives seem sharper at Christmas time, than at any other. The rich seem richer; with a free hand and full purse they spend their money in the purchase of gifts that perhaps, after all, they and their children, born to the purple and fine linen of existence, may not enjoy as do these humble folks to whom the giving and getting of gifts is a luxury to be rarely indulged in.

It cannot be such hard times as we thought, when Tiffany's, and Stewart's, and all the stores where nice things are sold, are thronged as they have been recently. Diamonds and India shawls, silver-ware, rich furs, elegant books, pictures and bronzes have not waited long for purchasers; and such places as Macy's, and Riddle's and the Dollar Stores have been crowded as never before.

But the very poor, seem at times like these to be poorer, and to feel their poverty more, as the thought of their own hard lot is, by the contrast, forced keenly into their souls. Small consolation is it to them that all these pretty things are made by poor men and women, and that those who can afford to buy are thus helping thousands to earn their bread. They never think of this; but have hearts full of bitterness as they wonder why the gift of wealth is not more evenly distributed.

All through the week, the malls have been crowded, and the express wagons piled high with tokens of affection for friends in the country. Last night as I strolled up the avenue, I met hundreds of well-dressed people, hurrying from store to store, and then home to adorn the Christmas tree, or fill the stockings of the little ones. Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, all on errands of affection. We may rejoice with the merry ones, but our joy is tempered as we see that faded woman, with a face out of which all hope seems to have died, gazing with wishful eyes at the things she would like to buy for her children. She remembers the better days, and the tears fall into her heart as she thinks of the old-time Christmas. She wants to buy a toy for the baby, but there is only money enough for the daily loaf, a peck of coal, and a bit of meat; and with a weary sigh she goes to her comfortable home. And I see, too, the pinched faces of poor children who flatten their noses against the window panes of the toy stores, or gaze in sorrowful wonder on the tempting display in the baker's shop. "God bless us every one," says many a "Tiny Tim," this Christmas eve; but to these poor wails and wailing ones, the messenger is long in coming.

Christmas morning most of the churches are open, and many are beautifully decorated. It is the children's day, and we will visit some of the Sunday-schools. Out of more than two hundred churches which shall we choose? The Methodist readers of the HERALD are most naturally interested in their own cousins, so we will go first to Old Sands' Street. She is the mother of a numerous progeny numbering more than thirty churches in this city, yet she has lost nothing of her youthful vigor. Here was organized the first Sunday-school in Brooklyn, and it has always been one of the best. To-day is the twenty-seventh anniversary of their Juvenile Missionary Society. The parent society has always counted largely on Sands' Street Sunday-school, and it never fails to send up a noble subscription. On the platform are many well-known veterans of the Church. Five hundred children and youth with their teachers fill the body of the house, while the side pews and galleries afford room for their friends.

Brother Turner leads the children in singing. Brother Utter is the superintendent. All the young folks love him, and he is the prince of good fellows; but we miss the genial faces of Moses Odell, and his brother Samuel, who for so many years have this Sunday-school on their hearts. Over the grave of the younger brother the summer flowers have scarcely faded. The children sing in tender remembrance the songs that these dear brethren loved.

The classes are called to bring their offerings. They come with gifts of money, and many with appropriate emblems. The "Young Guard" is represented by a little chap only knee high, and dressed in full regimentals. The "Gleaners" bring thirty dollars, and a sheaf of wheat not a whit smaller than that brought by the reapers. The "King's Soldiers" are called, and while the school sings "Hold the Fort," they come to the front with a small fort surmounted with a flag, which they place under the Christmas tree, but the greedy treasurer undermines and captures it, securing a pile of stamps for his pains. Then come "Wayside Flowers," "Sunbeams," "Little Pilgrims," "Spring Blossoms," "Pearl Seekers," "Hope," and forty more, with the "Pioneers" acting as rear guard.

The infant class pass in two hundred dollars, and then follows a long line of grandchildren, some borne in their fathers' arms, and representing the third generation. Each one brings an offering for the Lord, from two to fifty dollars in amount. The sum total of to-day's gifts is little short of fifteen hundred dollars.

Rev. W. R. Davis, of the Simpson Church, makes an address, telling the story of the "Christ Child" in a way that touches all hearts. Then follow brief speeches, songs, gifts from classes to teachers, and good things for the children.

At two o'clock we are at Hanson Place Church. This is one of the younger Churches, but in numbers and in the completeness of her appointments she outranks them all. Though only seventeen years old, she has a thousand members, and stands in the front rank of the successful Churches of the land. Two years ago, under the pastorate of the eloquent Haynes, it was found necessary to enlarge; and the present house of worship is said to be the largest in American Methodism.

The school is out in full force—a thousand strong. Friends and neighbors, numbering at least as many more, fill the galleries and standing room. How grandly they sing! Nowhere else have I heard such singing as at this school, and to-day the voices seem sweeter and stronger than ever. Brother Cheshire, the chorister, smiles from the top of his head at the points of his beard; and well he may, for it is worth a journey from Boston to Brooklyn to hear "Rock of Ages," and "The breaking waves dashed high," as the sound rolls up from these thousand voices.

A band, too, has been engaged for this day only, and Mr. Foss, who plays the cornet in the church on Sundays, lays aside his instrument and amuses the children, of all ages, with strange music that makes with two little hammers on sticks of wood.

The men on the platform I do not need to introduce to you, Mr. Editor, for you know them all, and right glad would they be to see you here to-day. Foremost, of course, is Hon. Samuel Booth, superintendent of the school, ex-mayor, ex-postmaster, and one of the few men who have gone through the furnace of politics and come out without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. Although he was fifty years old some time ago, he is as handsome as ever, and still a bachelor. The ladies have given him up as a hopeless case.

At his right is John French. He owns a string of honorary titles, but he doesn't need them. I think the only distinction he is proud of, is that for seventeen years he and Mr. Booth have stood together as the superintendents of this Sunday-school, and as strong pillars in this Church.

These two men have grown gray in the service, and under their wise leadership the school has had continued and ever-increasing prosperity. They have seen not less than two thousand conversions in the school, and hundreds thus saved are now scattered all over the land, carrying out, and teaching to others the lessons of wise Christian work that they learned here.

But am I discourteous to the pastor, Rev. G. E. Reed, in not first introducing him? Not at all; for to-day he is only a lieutenant. To-morrow he will have the platform all to himself, and if, some day, I should write for the HERALD, a letter about the preachers of Brooklyn I will try to do him justice. He came to this Church a stranger, only eight months ago, but now every body knows and loves him. Did some of his New England brethren tremble a little for his success in assuming the responsibility of this large Church? They need do so no more. He is modest and faithful, and his strong shoulders seem fitted to bear the burden, while he appears to be quite contented with his lot.

Here, too, is Haynes, perhaps the most eloquent and popular of all our young preachers. His own Church is only half a mile away. Seventh Avenue is a daughter of Hanson Place, and, of course, the pastor must bring his own, and their greetings to "the Old Folks at Home." Clapping of hands as he mounts the platform; thunders of applause as he rises to speak, and the welcome is as warm as the greeting.

That tall man with a military form and scholarly face, is the Rev. Dr. Hunt. Among all the men I know, he is the model Christian gentleman—I might make an exception, if Dr. Peirce was anywhere else but in the editorial chair of the HERALD. Dr. Hunt was the pastor of this Church four years ago, and the people would be quite happy if he should not honor every reunion and festival by his presence and kindly words. A profound scholar, he is yet the most genial of men, and on occasions like this, his speeches are full of pathos and wit, making folks laugh and cry in the same breath. Although a loyal itinerant, he is one of the veteran ministers of Brooklyn, having served the Churches of this city ever since he entered the ministry, seventeen years ago. Here, too, are other preachers, and John B. Morris, esq., the accomplished secretary of the Brooklyn S. S. Union. He makes no speech; but in tambling off the platform without breaking his head, greatly amuses the children.

So much for the celebrities, and now to the exercises. After prayer by the pastor, the superintendent introduces Charles E. Teale, esq., as the "poet laureate" of the establishment, and he reads a humorous poem. Miss Greenwood, a young lady of this Church, and well-known as one of the most efficient workers in the Women's Temperance Movement, makes an address, beautiful in thought and expression, at the close of which, she presents to the pastor's wife an elegant gold watch and chain, the gift of the ladies. Mrs. Reed gracefully responds without breaking down, as her husband almost did, when a few moments later he also was watched in the same way. But a further gift of a magnificent Bible in six volumes, and as many languages, reassured him, and he was able to make his grateful bow.

Mr. Luckey, the teacher of three hundred children in the infant class, was presented with an enormous easy-chair, but, big as it was, he could hardly crowd himself into it. Bro. Luckey is a splendid specimen of infantile growth, and his heart is big enough to hold all the little ones. Other presents were this Sunday-school on their hearts. Over the grave of the younger brother the summer flowers have scarcely faded. The children sing in tender remembrance the songs that these dear brethren loved.

come a dozen trundle-bed heroes in nightgowns, each bearing a lighted candle. They sing a song.

"Wait, wait, wait, waiting for Santa Claus," and the old fellow soon follows. He sings a song and fills the row of stockings that hang by the chimney.

In conclusion, we have the regular gifts of a beautiful box filled with candy, and a big orange to each member of the school. Four hours have sped away, and at six o'clock we go to our homes with glad and thankful hearts that in religion there is joy, and that once a year, at least, we may hear from the beelies and the sky, and from happy voices too, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

MAYNARD.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The leading contribution to the last *Christian Advocate*, in every sense of the word, is the elaborate argument of Judge E. L. Fancher, to show that the General Conference has no authority to change or alter any part of the rule of our ecclesiastical government so as to do away with any of the well-understood and exercised powers and duties of the Episcopacy, as held before a representative body was organized.

All power, previously, he argues, existed in the assembled Annual Conferences. By the suffrages of the assembled preachers in 1808, full power of government was entrusted to a delegated body, with this restriction, among others, that it should "not change or alter any part of our government so as to do away Episcopacy, or destroy the plan of our itinerant general superintendency." Judge Fancher holds, that this restrictive rule implies that the powers and duties of the Episcopacy were well defined at the time; that they were, "to consecrate bishops, and ordain elders and deacons; to preside in the Conferences; to decide disciplinary questions, to form the districts, and choose the Presiding Elders; to fix the appointment of the preachers; to suspend them as necessarily may require; to travel through the Connection at large, and to oversee the spiritual and temporal business of the Church." This office and its powers Bishop Asbury held and exercised. When the General Conference was constituted, all that was embodied in this distinctly defined idea of the Episcopacy was held in reserve by the original body, and cannot be changed or modified except by the constitutional appeal back to the Annual Conferences. The removal of one right, as for instance the right to establish Districts, or to appoint Presiding Elders, would, *pro tanto*, do away the Episcopacy that existed before the first delegated Conference. There might, indeed, still remain an Episcopacy, but not the Episcopacy of the fathers, which they esteemed so vital as to conserve it by a restrictive rule. The result of the argument of Judge Fancher, if sound, is, that General Conference can only initiate, but not consummate, a rule affecting the power of the Bishops to divide the work into districts according to their own good judgments, and to appoint the Presiding Elders. The ultimate decision of such modifications must be relegated to the original body which never delegated this part of its original power. This is the argument, and it is clearly and forcibly put. It deserves careful consideration as coming from such high judicial authority, and on account of the gravity of the subject itself.

It is, however, not a novel line of argumentation, although presented in a remarkably condensed and striking form. It was the argument of Joshua Soule when he refused to be consecrated Bishop, after the General Conference had voted to elect the Presiding Elders. It was the strongest argument of the leading Southern brethren, against the course of the General Conference of 1844. They affirmed in their memorable protest, "A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church is not a mere creature—is in no prominent sense an officer of the General Conference"—in a sense by no means unimportant the General Conference is as much the creature of the Episcopacy, as the Bishops are the creatures of the General Conference. As executive officers, as well as pastoral overseers, the Bishops belong to the Church, as such, and not to the General Conference as one of its councils or organs of action merely." But Dr. Hamline made his memorable speech, which lifted him into the Episcopacy, affirming an entirely opposite doctrine. It would be well for our ministerial readers to review the remarkably able and thorough constitutional arguments of that extraordinary session in 1844. Nothing can be clearer than that, as a matter of fact, our Bishops do not now exercise the powers, freely accorded to Bishop Asbury in the early years of Methodism. Our circumstances have wonderfully changed, and the Episcopacy, whatever their prescriptive rights may be, have necessarily changed with them. For one of our present Bishops, as much as we love and respect them, to attempt to exercise the decisive power, as president of Conference, or in the general superintendency of the work, of the primitive Methodist Bishops, would occasion a revolution at once; but there is no danger of this. Whatever may be the abstract rights of our superintendents, the sentiment and the will of the Church have been clearly and often expressed in her supreme councils, and in the episcopal body there is no serious opposition to them, latent, patent, or to be feared.

The Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies has commenced a series of papers in *The Contemporary Review* upon Wesleyan Methodism in Wesley's life-time and after. The first paper appears in the December number, and will quite pique the curiosity, of at least Methodist readers, to learn how he will come out. The first article is a singularly appreciative criticism upon some of the strongest and best traits of Mr. Wesley's character, coupled with a very bitter, harsh, and sometimes quite unfounded assertion of unlovely and forbidding personal peculiarities, somewhat modified indeed in his old age. The writer signed a large portion of this issue

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attempting to show that the view taken by Methodist historians and others, of the religious condition of the age, and particularly of England, is not sustained by facts; that it was an hour of wide and remarkable religious interest; that some of the noblest illustrations of Christian life and devotion were given by the eminent divines of the day; that Mr. Wesley was rather the child than the parent of the great revival; that many other evangelists, not inspired by his voice, were already opening their divine commissions in various quarters, and that Mr. Wesley became in time, the most conspicuous person, simply on account of his amazing diligence, perseverance, unselfishness, singleness of mind, and wonderful organizing power.

This discussion will open a fine field for our Wesleyan brethren to renew their studies in modern ecclesiastical history, and to traverse the very frank and outspoken assertions of this reviewer, whose chief authorities, so far, seem to be, the lives of Mr. Wesley by Southey and Teymerman.

The succeeding paper, the character of which is foreshadowed by the closing sentence of the first chapter, "As soon as he (Wesley) was gone, Methodism became a different thing from what it was when he was the head and soul of it," will be looked for with considerable interest.

If all our trunk lines of railroads could afford, and had the public spirit to secure, such a volume as that issued by the Pennsylvania road, under the supervision of D. M. Boyd, esq., general passenger agent, the series would form one of the most striking and attractive features of the artistic department of the Centennial Exposition. The volume referred to is a royal octavo of 300 pages, printed on calendered paper, and illustrated by over one hundred admirably executed views of natural scenery, or of cities and towns connected with the great rail-road route, and the numerous branches controlled by the above company. The letter-press, which has been prepared with great care, gives a sketch of the rise and progress of railroads in this country, and an elaborate history of the conception, construction and present condition of the great Pennsylvania road, with an interesting description of the country through which it passes, its natural resources, the cities and towns on the route, with their striking features, the watering places, and the most picturesque natural scenery, (unexcelled indeed by any other portion of the United States) reached by means of its main road or branches. It also contains full biographical sketches of the leaders in the great enterprise of its establishment. It will be an admirable handbook for the traveler through the interesting coal regions, and over the Alleghenies, and it is equally entertaining and valuable for reference, and for its ever delightful pictures of attractive mountain and river views, and of the finest parks and buildings in the country. Students of physiognomy will find in the spirited engraving of Thomas A. Scott, the President of the road, abundant confirmation of the theory, that a man's character is written in his face. Keen, bright, positive, persevering and polite, suggests when possible, must always be "conquered" by such a man. The book is as valuable as attractive, and is indeed a full gazetteer of all the country that holds any relation to the great iron roads controlled by this company.

Editorial Items.

A new and powerful voice has caught up the memorable refrain of Horace Greeley—"Young Man go West!" At the late New England dinner in New York, General Sherman said, during his animated speech, "I hear more complaints than I ever heard in my life—and I used to live here—of hard times and dull times. I have not had the means of looking behind the counters and into the ledgers of your business men. But the country is not unprosperous. There is more land cultivated than ever before. There are more men developed every day than ever before. There is more room for the unoccupied than ever before. I will guarantee honest employment to 40,000,000 more people if they come over to-day—not if they hang around the cities and want to be clerks—but if they go to work upon the soil. There is land enough to give employment for half of Europe, and now the trouble of this country is that the people have flocked into the cities. Come out West."

The *Congregationalist* last week very handsomely introduced its leading exchanges to its readers, classifying them under denominational heads, and giving, in a sentence or two, a very discriminating and candid estimate of the ability and scope of the different papers, whether "organs" or independent. In nearly every instance, we can add our Methodist amen! and hope the response may be so characteristically "loud," as to reach all our brethren of the press, who are thus permitted to "see themselves as others see them." We are not insensible to the kind and flattering words which the *HERALD* receives, but are too modest to publish them. We are brought into our neighbor's debt; and as we pay on delivery, we hasten to our debtors, in their wonderful success in securing, generally, the prime element of commendation, as well as ability, among their contributors; and also, that by the number and capacity of their editorial corps, they are enabled to give their readers weekly one of the most thoroughly edited sheets in the country.

Rev. George S. Merriam takes a formal leave of the readers of the *Christian Union*, upon the editorial staff of which he has been since July 1870, in a particularly pleasant and manly letter. He specially salutes the younger readers, for whose department it has been his peculiar pleasure to make provision, and in doing this he properly compliments himself, for this important work has been well performed. He assumes the authorship of the strong editorial defenses of Mr. Beecher, during the darkest hours of the night which has gathered over him, and leaves behind an unqualified parting testimony to his unshaken trust in his purity and piety, and his high estimation of his ability in every department of his varied field of service. We have not agreed with Mr. Merriam in some of his most marked editorial papers, but we have learned to respect him as a man of the utmost sincerity of character, of singular moral courage, and

high ability. Some other important field of effort will doubtless soon claim his time and talents. We wish him the widest usefulness.

The cultivated wife of one of our correspondents in Vermont Conference, Rev. N. W. Wilder, has prepared a very attractive and helpful little volume, which she has published in a beautiful form, entitled, "Little Graves: Choice Selections of Poetry and Prose." Dr. J. G. Holland has professed and commended the work in a short and singularly graceful introduction, and the tastefully-written and touching opening chapter, shows how capable the authoress was to make a wise selection from our rich poetic literature upon the pathetic theme of the little book. The work, the preparation of which has been a source of hours of personal affliction, will bear consoling sympathy and heavenly balm into thousands of sorrowing households. It will be an appropriate and valuable gift in hours of bereavement.

Dr. De Puy spreads the American Eagle, on this centennial year, upon the cover of the handsome Methodist Almanac, which he so admirably edits for the Book Room, at 305 Broadway, N. Y. He is a marvel of painstaking and correctness in his manifold columns of statistics, save when, of malice prepense, he insists upon affirming that *Zion's Herald* is now in its 4th year. He well knows, practical joker as he is, that we have safely preserved in our vaults, the bound volumes of the venerable paper, from the year of our Lord 1823. But the Almanac is *Symon Pure*, nevertheless. Whatever else there may be to be said about any branch of Methodism or its institutions that is not answered upon these crowded but handsome pages, must be of small account. It is a little hand-book, no Methodist can do without. Its general statistics are valuable, and its miscellany attractive. J. P. Magee has it.

Appleton's Journal begins the new year with improved typographical appearance, and with strong literary attractions. Julian Hawthorne begins a characteristic series of papers under the title of "A Journey to the Unknown." Mrs. Macquie, author of "Patty," opens a new story. Mr. James E. Freeman, an American artist, who has resided for thirty years in Rome, and during that time met many of the most distinguished men and women of the period, begins, under the title of "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio," a record of his reminiscences and experiences, which are of the most entertaining character. It is a weekly household magazine, devoted to popular literature and all matters of taste and culture; it aims to be comprehensive, including in its plan all branches of literature, and treating all subjects of interest to intelligent readers. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Seeing the following commendation of the excellent German periodical published by our Western Book Agents, when he was in Germany, we were reminded of a duty which we have long intended to discharge. We wished, as is here so well done, to call the attention of such of our young people as are studying German to this fine monthly. It will become an interesting and valuable visitor, and greatly aid in acquiring a familiar knowledge of the grand old Teutonic tongue.

"We include in our commendation the *Zeitschrift* of the German Methodist Monthly, edited by Rev. Dr. Henry Liebhart, and published by Hilteneck & Walden. The success of this publication, which now enters its fourth year, is singular and deserved. If you read German, what can be better exercise in that tongue than such a publication. Though it is a literary work, it kills two birds with one stone."

The papers that were the most bitter in their criticisms upon Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, when he was the Republican candidate for his present office, are now the loudest in his praise. The whole Northern press seems to be in sympathy with him in his manly endeavor to stand up against an ignorant and demoralized Legislature. The late election of two utterly worthless men, of stained reputations and no cultivation—ex-Governor Moses and the colored man Whipple, of equally exceptional moral character—to be judges, has awakened the attention of the whole country, and thoroughly aroused the State. Gov. Chamberlain refuses them their commissions upon technical grounds. It is to be hoped that his position can be sustained. It is not party rule at the South that is needed, but the union of all honest men to secure an economical and just administration of the local governments.

No small sensation has been occasioned by a lad who has been begging his way upon New Hampshire and Vermont railroads, and he brought up in St. Albans. He affirmed that he was Charlie Rose, and gave marvelous details of his life in Philadelphia, of his capture and his connection since with a band of bank robbers, one of whose late successful raids, he pretended to describe as an eye-witness. But his family in Milford, N. H., claim him, and affirm, what they may safely assert, that he is a "consummate liar." We have known not a few of such cases in our connection with Reform Schools. It is only another phase of the Pomeroy development. It is a strange madness, with a wonderful method in it.

The Murray Hill Publishing Co., of which an old friend John P. Jewett, is now manager, sends out a paper-covered romance entitled, "From Heaven to New York." It is a rough, morbid and unsatirical picture of a kind of brown-stone-front, New York City life. It is much exaggerated in its coloring, but has too much foundation in fact not to be accepted as a dark outline of not a few domestic histories paralleled in our chief metropolis. It ends sadly. We do not believe an honest merchant, lawyer, or minister, with average common sense, would necessarily make such an absolute shipwreck of the three representative young men in this fiction. Its author is Isaac George Reid, Jr.

If the tract of Rev. W. H. Boole, entitled "The Great National Bazaar Exhibition," should induce young people to turn away from the intoxicating glass, with as much horror and disgust, as we do from the awful picture forming his frontispiece, it will accomplish a valuable service. In an original, and very graphic way, its author, who is one of the most eloquent and impressive of temperance lecturers, as well as an excellent preacher, points out the fearful work the community permits itself to become a partner in, when it licenses the sale of intoxicating drinks. It is "calculated," as the almanacs say, for this latitude. Its statistics are startling, and its logic convincing. The tract can be obtained at 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and is a good one to circulate.

The *Methodist Almanac*, for 1876, gives the latest numerical statistics of Methodism throughout the world. From these statistics we present the following: Episcopal Methodists in the United States, 3,025,427;

non-Episcopal, 147,802; Methodists in other countries, 1,015,576; total, 4,188,805. The total number of itinerant ministers is 27,561, and local preachers, 61,474; an increase during the year of 3,325 itinerant ministers, and a decrease of 1,569 local preachers. In 1876, there were only 4,921 Methodists in the United States—in 1875, 5,175,210; an important fact to be considered in the history of the century.

The American Unitarian Association publishes "The Year Book of the Unitarian Congregational Churches for 1876." It is a very neat and inviting tract in its mechanical appearance, and contains the names of all the denominational churches, with their pastors and times of settlement, with full statistics of religious and charitable societies under the patronage of the Unitarians. It has also the usual calendar. It is as convenient for reference to us outsiders, almost, as to its own particular body.

Dodd & Mead issue, in their excellent historical series, written by Dr. J. S. C. Abbott, entitled *AMERICAN PIONEERS AND PATRIOTS*, a very attractively written life of George Washington. The Doctor had abundance of material, and a well-traveled road before him; but he has thrown a new interest around the story of the Father of his Country for young readers. It is a wholesome and most entertaining book, and our young readers will eagerly welcome it.

On the whole, some of our Southern literature is full as gorgeous in its style, and as luxurious in its figures as the most florid Oriental tongues. In such a rich symbolical, not to say hyperbolic, or even diabolical, sentence, an Atlanta editor describes Bishop Haven: "That ranting, hell-roaring bellowing of Zion, the great negro-squeezing Bishop Haven." There is nothing more to be said; the bitterness of death is passed.

On last Saturday, Mr. Burt, who has been an efficient postmaster, and has been largely instrumental in securing Boston a noble building, with ample streets and squares around it, vacated the office, and is succeeded by one of the most highly respected, intelligent and trusted of Boston's business men, Mr. E. S. Tobey. We wish good luck to the retiring chief, and bid a hearty welcome to his admirable successor.

Prof. T. H. Kimpton has been spending his Christmas vacation giving lecture engagements in Northern Vermont. He was as occupant of a berth in a sleeping car on the train that was wrecked. And was awakened from sound sleep by being rolled down a precipice of forty feet. He fortunately escaped unharm.

The full official report of the trial of the "Jefferson Borden" mutineers, just issued by the New England News Co., 41 Court Street, makes the reader wonder, if the death penalty is ever to be administered for willful murder, how these confessed murderers, secured a commutation of the penalty enforced by the court.

South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met December 15, at Orangeburg, S. C. Our well-known and respected brethren, Drs. Edward Cooke and A. Webster, were introduced to the Conference, which was a pleasant act of practical fraternalization. Bishop J. C. Keener presided.

The Wesleyan University alumni in New York held their annual reunion Thursday, President Foss presiding. The former represented the great need of the institution to be \$500,000, and said that no college in the country had, in so short a time, sent out a class of men that could compare with the graduates of Wesleyan in the public estimation. Among the graduates were 2000 lawyers, 64 physicians, 61 editors, 61 officers of the State and National Government, 103 professors in colleges, 523 teachers, and 43 college presidents.

The condition of Turkey will remind the curious of the old-herald prophecy said to have been made in 1453. It is noteworthy that it will be "twice ten years" next spring, from the conclusion of the Crimean war.

In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail,
But if the Cock and Bull,
The Bear shall not prevail.
But look in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear,
The Cross shall wane—the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear."

Dr. Wentworth, of the Ladies' Repository, holds his head high in the January number. He gives his readers a fine steel engraving of Bishop McKim, an excellent engraving of the Cumberland Mountains, and a charming vignette. His literary programme is inviting, and his own miscellany abundant and entertaining. What better New Year's present than this beautiful periodical for the wife and daughters, and *ZION'S HERALD* for the whole family!

James Vick sends out the January number of his elegant floral quarterly. It excels itself, and that is all that need be said of it. In addition to its valuable horticultural and house-gardening miscellany, it has an instructive and amusing account of the proprietor's late trip to California. Twenty-five cents a year. Published in Rochester, N. Y.

We have received the first number of *The Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate*, edited and published by Rev. George M. Pelree. It is intended to be the strong local voice of Mormonism, and a striking agency in Home Missionary work now successfully pressed by our people in Utah. It looks well, reads well, and we hope will be well sustained.

Tract No. 44 (new series) upon Christian Nature, embodies two editorials of *ZION'S HERALD*, the publication of which in the tract form was requested. It may be of service to circulate it in Churches where there is religious interest in the Sunday-school. Magee has it.

The Pilot must have fallen from its usual grace of gentlemanly courtesy when it penned this delightful morsel: "Harvard and Yale are just right in drawing out of the rack of petty colleges and their noisy advertising boat races. It was pitiful to see the two universities bickering and struggling with a lot of cheap Methodist seamen, manned by embryo Bishop Havens."

Rev. A. D. Sargeant is doing excellent service, preaching in our pulpits, upon the religious aspects of the Temperance movement. A number of our ministers have expressed their great satisfaction with his discourses, and accounted his labors a spiritual as well as moral blessing. He is ready to go wherever the way providentially opens before him.

If any of our New England Presiding Elders desire the services of an efficient and able minister (a member of the New England Conference who did not take a charge this year), until the next session of the Conference, he can hear of such an one by writing to the editor of this paper.

Dr. S. M. Vail is delivering an interesting course of lectures upon Biblical Topography, this week, at Wesleyan Hall, at 20 o'clock. A. M. They are both valuable and entertaining.

There is much excitement at Newburg, N. Y., on account of religious meetings held by Mrs. Van Cott. Within a week seventy persons have been converted.

In the death of ex-Governor John H. Clifford, the State loses one of its ablest and most worthy honored citizens. He was 69 years of age, and has lately returned from a tour for his failing health, to die among his friends.

And now Chicago is opening up even stronger developments than St. Louis in crooked whiskey, and what is more serious, in crooked citizens, heretofore, thought to be every way straight.

The unhappy wife-murderer, Major, of Milton, N. H., has been found guilty, and is sentenced to death, Jan. 5, 1877. The Court expressed its own concurrence with the verdict of the jury.

The annual reunion at the Hanover Street Church will occur the 26th instant. Please clear the way and come. This is a practical way of showing sympathy to the old mother church at the North End.

To the Ministers and Members of the M. E. Church of Maine:—
DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—In another column you will find a call for a Mass Temperance Convention. I hope you will not read it and then lay it down and think no more upon the subject, but remember the call is addressed to you, and is for you. While I believe the Methodists stand in the front rank in their work and influence in the Temperance cause, yet I as fully believe that we are not doing half we should do in this cause. Never was there a more favorable time for work than now.

The work now being done by the "Reform Club," the Woman's organizations and the various temperance organizations of the State, is truly encouraging. The tide in the cause in the State, if now taken at its flood, will bear on to certain victory; but, if allowed to recede, it will be years before we can regain what we shall lose. Let us then be up and doing. I hope every minister, if he possibly can, will attend, and as many members both male and female, as possible, present. Don't let a slight or trivial thing keep you away. Come, and let us pray and devise ways and means to make the Centennial year a victorious one for this cause.
D. B. RANDALL.
Saccarappa, Dec. 29, 1875.

Notes from the Churches.
MASSACHUSETTS.
The Salem Methodist Minister's Union. —That was a happy thought of Brother Whit, to bring the Methodist ministers of Salem and vicinity, with their wives into closer union and fellowship, by affording them an opportunity to break bread, and drink tea together, while cracking some of the hard nuts of theology, and discussing some of the questions of ministerial duty; the whole to conclude with a sermon at the church, and as good a religious meeting in connection with it as possible. The first meeting of this body was held with Brother D. W. Hall, Dec. 23d, at Peabody, who, together with his generous wife and daughter, was not their praise in all the churches.

—played the host, both socially and intellectually, in a truly sumptuous manner. The topic discussed was, "Our duty with reference to the heresies of the day." One of the brethren read a short paper on the subject, taking the ground, in which opinion the brethren generally concurred, that, generally, the best way to deal with heresies is to let them alone, and preach a "square" Gospel—a full salvation. If malignant and active heresies should be dealt with faithfully, not often however from the pulpit, but personally, or through the press, and the judicious distribution of books and tracts, they might soon cease. After tea other subjects were introduced and delightfully canvassed. They were such as the character of the doubt of Thomas, and elicited a variety of opinions. The church in the evening was well attended by Rev. M. E. Wright, of Beverly. It was on the nature, necessity, and conditions of a revival. It was a masterly discourse, and was delivered with great animation. His graphic delineations of the varied forms of dishonesty prevalent, elicited marked attention. We have no space to record the many good things that might be said concerning this sermon. Brother Wright is clearly one of the ablest and worthiest preachers of the New England Conference.

—Among all the merry maxims of Kris Kragle, not the least were those at Lasell Seminary. At ten on Christmas morning, the ringing of the well-known bell summoned the remaining students, with visiting parents, to the handsomely decorated parlors. Every ray of sunlight was excluded, and from under the arch, which bore in cheery greens its "Merry Christmas," shone forth the many colored lights from the Christmas tree.

A few appropriate words of cheer, and Santa Claus began to sever the fruit from the heavily laden boughs. No one was neglected. Every servant found that in Christmas spirit there was no respect of persons. About two hundred dollars worth of presents were distributed; about forty hearts made happy, and the affair was pronounced a most perfect success.

Belchertown. —A high wind recently shattered the slate roof of our church so much that it became necessary to shingle the North side, which has been done at an expense of about \$250. The funds for this improvement were raised immediately, thus saving an increase of the Church debt. The Society is having a prosperous year under the care of Rev. E. S. Best. Several conversions have occurred. A. Noos.

Palmer. —The Thorndike brethren have taken a new departure in securing a fine hall for Sunday night prayer-meetings. The continued revival in the village is highly beneficial to the Methodists as well as others.

North Brookfield. —The Methodist Church in this place is enjoying fair prosperity. The Sabbath services are well attended, particularly those of the latter part of the day. Several recent accessions by letter give much greater strength to the Church. A series of popular entertainments are quite successful.

MAINE.
The Christmas festival held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Belgrade Mills was a very enjoyable entertainment. The undersigned gratefully acknowledge the numerous gifts so kindly bestowed upon them.
J. W. SMITH.
KATIE L. SMITH.

Rems. —Rev. J. A. Strout and his people at Newfield, are rejoicing in prosperity. Several of the congregation have recently been converted and the interest continues. The Y. M. C. A. gave efficient aid in the work.

The work of boldness which received such an impetus in the Saccarappa revival, is

spreading with the most delightful influence, through the adjoining Congregational Church at Cumberland Mills. The pastor and wife and many of his leading members, have entered the experience.

The Y. M. C. A. have been holding a series of revival meetings in Lebanon with good results. Twenty-one persons manifested a desire to be Christians.

The Elliot Academy at Elliot, was burned last Wednesday night. Loss \$3,000.

1,550 have signed the Allen Mission temperance pledge. There is no let up with Captain Sturdivant in the temperance work. He not only subsidizes himself but every one else can lay his hands on for this work.

The friends of Rev. C. W. Bradlee of Congress Street, Portland, presented him Christmas evening, with an elegant easy chair.

"The deputy sheriffs are very active just now in the enforcement of the liquor law," says the daily paper; but why are they not always active? The law is as imperative at one season of the year as another. We will be thankful however, for a law that is now and then effective to close up the rum dens of our cities.

A murderous attack was made a few nights since at the Reform School, on one of the officers, by four desperate boys, who were attempting an escape.

During service at the Congregational church in Norway, Sunday, December 19, a fire broke out which consumed the church, and nearly destroyed a building close by. The church was partly insured.

The city marshal of Hallowell seized five barrels of liquor from a freight train, December 18. The liquor will be disposed of to the satisfaction of all lovers of the "Maine Law."

The religious interest in the city is good. Hon. Simon Page has been superintendent of the Congregational Sunday-school in that place for the last thirty-nine years, and still retains his efficiency and popularity.

Mr. C. H. Talcott of the Bates Theological School is doing good service in revival work in Oxford County.

There are three active temperance organizations in Gardiner, all in a flourishing condition. The temperance people are determined to free the community from the "rum traffic." There is much activity in the cause in all the adjoining towns in that part of Kennebec County.

Mr. Charles E. Smith, a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of '74, and Principal of the Monmouth Academy for the past year, has been elected principal of the High School and superintendent of the public schools in Bellevue, Iowa. Mr. Smith accepts his work, and will enter upon it the first of January.

A glorious temperance revival is in progress in Freeport, forty-nine at one meeting signed the "iron clad" pledge. A Reform Club is to be organized at once; the town is thoroughly alive; the reformers from Lewiston are lending a helping hand.

The Somerset railroad is now open to North Anson. The cars entered the village for the first time, December 23. It was an occasion of great rejoicing to the people.

The new vestry of the Congregational church in Skowhegan was opened with appropriate religious services last Wednesday. It cost about \$1,500.

The Zion's Advocate informs its readers that the Baptist churches in Oxford county are in a prosperous condition.

Rev. N. W. Grozer, lately of Bethel is to supply the pulpit of the Congregational church in Topsham.

EAST MAINE.
The friends of Rev. Eliza Skinner in Exeter, recently made him at the M. E. Church a generous donation of more than \$70. There were exercises of a musical and literary character, besides speeches, social greetings, and a good time generally.

Brother S. in a very happy speech accepted the money, and also acknowledged the receipt of a purse of \$50, from the business men of Exeter. Brother S. is appreciated in Exeter, and he is worthy of all that is done for him.

Rev. and Hon. Jonas Weston died in East Corinth, December 25, at an advanced age. His exact age is not known, but he was more than 90 years old. For several years he has lived in seclusion. He was formerly a member of the East Maine Conference, and preached in Lube, and at other places.

I am sorry to learn that Brother Gross of Atkinson is laid aside from his work by sickness.

Uncon meetings of the Baptist, Free Baptist, and Methodist Societies in East Corinth have been held for several weeks past. We hope to report great things concerning them.

Rev. Mr. Gurney of the Baptist Church recently resigned his pastorate, but the society does not intend to part with him, if they can help it.

Rev. Mr. Pitts of the Free Baptist Church is a new comer, in labors abundant, for the welfare of his people.

The Methodist Society have recently lifted a debt from the parsonage of nearly \$70. We are now free from debt, praise God. Give me a revival, and I wouldn't exchange Corinth for any other place in the East Maine Conference.
F. A. B.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Kingston. —The Lord in His mercy has remembered old Kingston, and is giving to us a time of refreshing from His presence. Two weeks ago we secured the services of Graham Brothers, evangelists who had been holding meetings at Brentwood and Epping. Meetings have been held in this place every day and evening with good result. About 75 have expressed a desire to live a new life by coming to the anxious seats, and many are rejoicing in the hope that maketh not ashamed. The Lord has loosed these tongues to proclaim His goodness.

Among the converts are some of the best young men and ladies of the place; backsliders are repenting, and are all earnestly working to bring others to their first works; some of the old Christians, who have endured the burden and heat of the day, and have stood by their posts while others have been falling, are now permitted to see these things.

JAMES CAIRNS, Pastor.

Marlow. —The festival held at the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place on Christmas eve proved to be a very pleasant affair. The Universalist Society united with us in furnishing the entertainment, and shared with us the enjoyment of the hour. Our Church was generously remembered by Bro. J. Burnap and wife in the gift of a beautiful silver communion service. The pastor and wife came away \$27 richer than when they left home; they also received other presents. Over one thousand gifts were distributed. The festival was well attended, and it was in every way successful.

On the 23d December a few of the friends of President J. B. Robinson, of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, called at

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To prevent any misapprehension on the part of the public, the undersigned hereby certify and announce that no other CATALOGUE or GUIDE-BOOK of the International Exhibition of 1876, containing advertisements, other than the Official Catalogue published and sold by the "Centennial Catalogue Company," and of which S. M. FITZGILL & CO. are exclusive Advertising Agents, will be permitted to be sold within said Exhibition grounds during the continuance of the Exhibition.
(Signed) A. T. GOSHORN, R.
Director-General U. S. Centennial Commission.
JOHN WELSH,
President Centennial Board of Finance.
Boston Office for the Official Catalogue, No. 10 State Street.

CARD TO LADIES.
During the last few years there has been a constantly increasing disposition upon the part of ladies of refined and fashionable tastes to use furs as a component article of dress. The favor accorded to fur by the fashionable world is much greater this season than ever before; and now garments consisting either entirely of fur, or richly finished with fur trimmings, constitute the most stylish and elegant apparel for a lady during the Winter.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.

Sunday, January 10.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Lesson III. 1 Sam. xvii, 38-51.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

For some good reason Saul was not displaced when he was rejected as king, but continues at the head of military affairs, although a man from whom the Spirit of the Lord had departed. Melancholy takes possession of him at times, and his servants suggest music as a charm to drive away that "evil spirit." David the shepherd lad, had won a reputation for skill upon the harp, as well as for valor, prudence, and a "comely person." He is summoned to appear before Saul with his harp, and his playing has the desired effect; "Saul was refreshed and well, and the evil spirit departed from him." David won the heart of the sullen king by his musical talent and cheerful presence, and he became Saul's armor-bearer. In the seventeenth chapter David reappears from his father's flock, as though he had not followed Saul as armor-bearer. The apparent conflict between the two chapters is reconciled if we understand that his becoming an armor-bearer (xvii, 21) "was the ultimate sequence of David's first visit to Saul, and of his skill in music, but did not really come to pass till after David's victory over Goliath." The Philistine wars go on, and Saul struggles with the national foe as leader of the Jewish troops.

On the occasion which furnishes the incident of our lesson the opposing armies are marshaled on two mountains, the valley between being the battleground. Goliath of Gath is the arch-fighter among the Philistines, the champion who challenges the best of Israel's men to single combat. He is nine feet and nine inches tall; his coat of mail weighed about one hundred and fifty-seven pounds, his spear's head about eighteen pounds. This giant utters his challenge with a boastful flourish, which strikes dismay into the hearts of Saul and his army. Forty days Goliath stalked forth into the valley and made his challenge. Here David comes to the front again. He is in the camp on an errand of inquiry for the welfare of his brothers. He hears the voice of the giant, and the stout defiance rouses the heroic qualities of the noble lad. His brother Eliab is angered at the fool-hardy conduct of David, who manifests his desire to cope with the giant, and twits the shepherd boy about leaving his father's sheep to come to see the battle-field. David's spirit rises to the occasion. Saul discouraged him from attempting an unequal contest, as such a fight would be, but David answers his protests by telling of his exploits with the lion and the bear, and resolves to accept the challenge of the monster Philistine.

Saul armed David with his armor.—"armor clothes"—a garment worn under the coat of mail. Saul transfers his own kingly dress to David. This act was very significant of the transfer of power which was soon to take place, when David would assume, not merely the armor of the king, but would take the royal title and place. Saul did not then realize how fully the lad was to be invested with the might and skill, not only of a champion, but of a sovereign.

He assayed to go. It was a strange dress for a rustic youth to wear. He began to advance towards the enemy, but found his steps were heavy, and his strength was not at his command. He had not been drilled as a soldier; how could he fight with a soldier's weapons?

I cannot go with these. Saul thought Goliath must be met with something like equal weapons. Armor against armor, sword against sword, in close quarters, must decide the battle. But such weapons would only be effective with the skilled warrior; what could David do with them? A few steps in his cumbersome coat of mail made David conscious that his armor was only an appearance of strength; he was really weaker than when without it. To be oneself, and to use the powers that lie within one's own nature and training, under the direction of Providence, are the best guarantees of success in any effort.

Choose him five smooth stones. The calm, intrepid conduct of David is admirable. It looks to Saul as though the youth were going out to meet the braggart giant only to become a victim; but David has appealed in faith to the Lord of Israel's host, and his little sling looks in his eyes stronger than the "weaver's beam" of his antagonist. It was faith that armed David, something better than Saul's helmet, sword and mail. He was wise enough to see that a stone hurled from a distance at the exposed forehead of Goliath would be more effective than the heaviest blows upon his armor.

"The blows of an average man upon such an armored man of strength would have rattled against it as harmless as a shower of peas." His sling was in his hand—only a sling with which to meet the giant clad in brass. David had become skillful in the use of his weapon, while in the exercise of his calling as shepherd, so that perhaps he could "sling stones at an hair's breadth, and not miss," like the seven hundred left-handed Benjamites (Judg. x, 16). While he felt reliance upon his own skill in the use of his favorite weapon, he also had an undoubted faith in God.

David, with his staff, sling and five smooth stones, confronting his huge antagonist, is a striking portrayal of an heroic faith. Our spiritual adversary will be successfully met only in such a way, by using the power God

has entrusted to us with a calm trust in Him.

He disdained him. Goliath despised the boy who was advancing to meet him. He saw only his staff, and felt that the lad was only making sport, coming out as if to cudgel a dog, by no means a "foeman worthy of his steel."

Cursed David by his gods. The proper rendering of the Hebrew is, "cursed David by his God," making his defiance to Jehovah, as well as invoking curses upon the boy.

I will give thy flesh, etc. The boaster had never known defeat, perhaps, and he felt that victory was never more sure. The enemies to truth often have an over-confidence, which is disastrous to their cause. The "weak things" are chosen of God to "confound the mighty." The whole history of Christianity is an illustration of this truth, from the time that a few unlettered men from Judea and Galilee went out to confront paganism, down to the late work of the two American evangelists in Great Britain.

The heroes of Homer's Iliad defied each other with similar threats.

I come to thee in the name, etc. Goliath boasted of his strength, and cursed his foe; David rested his cause upon Jehovah, whom the giant had defied. David was more than a mere champion for Saul in this act. He felt a higher impulse than a desire for military prowess, stirring him to this contest. It was to prove that God was mightier than the Philistine giant with a host behind him, that he accepted the challenge. If David had looked only at his sling, and had felt no other power at his command, he might have trembled, and his arm might have been unsteady; but faith in God steadied him with an assurance of victory.

This day will the Lord, etc. There is greater confidence of victory in these words than that expressed by Goliath in his boast; he seemed to prophesy; his faith realized the triumph before it actually came. The "substance of things hoped for" seemed to be in the possession of his valiant spirit. He says to the Philistine, not only "I will take thee head," but more, "I will give the corpse of the army of the Philistines to the birds this day."

That all the earth may know, etc. David realized that this was a crisis. Two armies were watching the contest. He knew that the result of the duel would be known far beyond the limit of the two hostile races. He was not thirsting for the honor of a hero, but desired that "all the earth" might know that "Israel hath a God," which was far more important than that all men should know that Israel had a David.

This assembly shall know, etc. Both armies believed in the strength of "sword and spear;" Jew as well as Philistine trusted in "carnal weapons." David was to teach both sides a lesson of faith in God.

Smote the Philistine in the forehead. The first blow from the sling carried death to the giant. The keen eye and unerring aim of David, with God's help, directed the missile to Goliath's forehead.

"The narrative does not explain how his forehead came to be exposed—whether his helmet was off at the time, or whether the stone pierced the helmet, or whether it went in at some point where the helmet did not cover. The Septuagint adds the explanatory words, 'through his helmet,' meaning probably the visor which would be the least solid part."

David prevailed, etc.—a swift, decisive settlement of the battle. Victories of faith may often be instantaneous in the personal life of the Christian. The foe seems gigantic, perhaps, but it is possible to exercise a faith that is stronger than our adversary, be it world, flesh, or devil. There must be both courage and faith to meet successfully the adversaries of the soul; courage, to use heroically the power God has entrusted to us; faith, that He will inspire and direct hand, arm, sling and pebble—our weapons that seem so weak without Him.

Stood upon the Philistine. When his feet were upon the slain giant he was sure of his victory.

Saw their champion was dead they fled. The Philistine army was a mob without Goliath. The giant sin is the spiritual adversary to be met first. "Resist the devil," smite the foremost foe, and a whole brood of sins will be routed.

The following is a translation of the 151st Psalm preserved only in the Septuagint.

"I was small amongst my brethren, and the youngest in my father's house. I was feeding my father's sheep. My hands made a harp, and my fingers fitted a psaltery. And who shall tell it to my Lord? He is the Lord, He heareth. He sent His messenger and took me from my father's flock, and anointed me with oil of His anointing. My brethren were beautiful and tall, but the Lord was not well pleased with them. I went out to meet the Philistine, and he cursed me by his idols. But I drew my own sword and beheaded him, and took away the reproach from the children of Israel."

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Bible Lesson Series, January 10.

1 What connection may be traced between the events recorded in this lesson, and the fact stated in the last verse of the preceding lesson?

2 Why was David anxious for this combat?

3 Was the contest between Goliath and David a very unequal one?

4 What indications of David's fitness for his future high position may be seen in this incident?

5 What was the foundation for David's confidence of success?

6 What lesson may we learn from this remarkable victory?

SERMONS ON THE BIBLE LESSONS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, 1876.

HAVING had an opportunity to examine an early issue of the volume of sermons for the look indicated above, published by Lockwood, Brooks and Company of Boston, allow me to express my great pleasure in recommending the volume to ministers, teachers, members of Bible classes, and all Bible students. Several sermons so impressed me that the conclusion was reached that any one of the number more than compensated for the price of the book, \$1.50. There are thirty-eight sermons, comprising 400 pages. Obtain the book at your first opportunity. J. F. SHEFFIELD.

The Family.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. V. M. SIMONS.

The day after Christmas and Sunday at that, When Jennie and Johnnie fell into a chat; Old Nick with his reindeer had driven away And left in the snow but the track of his sleigh;

The noise of his prancers had died with the morn As died the echo of bugle or horn. The stockings were empty, the trees were all bare, And scattered their fruit like the leaves on the air;

The gifts had been given, the blessings were said, And merry old Christmas was now with the dead. The day after Christmas and Sunday at that, And Jennie and Johnnie were full at their chat;

Their pillow last night had been thoroughly wet With many big tears of their childish regret; For Santa had driven all through the great town, And into the chimneys had thrown his gifts down;

Had packed all the stockings and covered the trees, And other folks' children were up to their knees Surrounded with gifts, and chock full of delight, As well they remembered the joys of that night.

But Jennie and Johnnie, how could they be glad, For Christmas was gone and no presents they had. "I wonder," said Jennie, "she spoke with a sigh, A pearl of a tear dropped out of her eye,—

"I wonder if Santa Claus could have forgot, Or whether he meant just to slight us or not."

The day after Christmas and Sunday at that, And Jennie and Johnnie were still at their chat; Said Johnnie to Jennie, "Away with regrets, Old Santa Claus, mother says, never forgets; It seems that he drove to our house in the lane

And tried to get in, but he tried all in vain. The chimney was narrow, the flue was too small, He could not get down with his reindeer at all;

So, taking his party, 'twas long after nine, He wrote in a hurry this nice little line: 'I found it this morning, all folded and sleek, And here is the promise of presents—next week!'

The letter is signed, so it is not a trick, The letter is signed 'I'm your merry St. Nick.' The day after Christmas and Sunday at that, And Jennie and Johnnie had finished their chat,

When waking at morning, when sitting for bed, That letter of Nick's they delightedly read; They scanned every word, and thought with amazement

Of trinkets and toys till their heads were aghast; They tumbled and tossed, and dreamed as they slept. Of Nick and his promise, and how 'twould be kept;

Their stockings they hung by the window and door, And not as they hung them a few nights before; Impatient they waited, till early one morn—

The old year was dead and the new year was born, They opened their eyes to behold such a sight, It filled their dear hearts with ecstatic delight;

Such gifts in profusion, and a letter which said: "Believe it, my children, old Nick is not dead."

And Jennie and Johnnie can never forget That letter of promise, and how it was met; To all of the children they tell of that night, And say to all doubters—your chimney was tight.

THE PRIZE PAINTING.

BY M. NEALL.

There was a revival in progress in the Seminary, in the winter of 18— At the morning recess a bevy of girls were clustered in the upper hall, discussing the meeting of the previous evening.

"I do not see any permanent difference between those of us professing to be Christians, and those who do not. We should shrink from tripping in the Decalogue as quickly as they," said a tall, handsome girl, with refined looks and manners.

"Of course," said another, who was usually her echo. "We have as nice a distinction of right and wrong, and our perceptions of honor and justice are every whit as keen."

"Oh, it is the fashionable disposition just now," drawled out a languid looking young lady, "and must have its rage, like our masquerades and private theatricals."

"Yes," exclaimed a fat, roly-poly girl, whose face was a perpetual smile, and who generally laughed when she spoke, "it is all a grand excitement. Fancy Mary Pierce speaking to me about my sins! I, who wouldn't ruffle the fur of a kitten! And we know that she can behave awfully cruel to some

of us juniors, and snubs us unmercifully sometimes."

"I presume our bringing up may have a great deal to do with it. Home training and habits have a powerful influence. I never had any religious surroundings or instructions, but I have great respect for them," said the first speaker, thoughtfully.

"It is easy enough to make prettily worded prayers, and sing stirring songs, half of which are set to martial music, while it is quite the proper thing to do, and makes them popular with the teachers. I only wish our sanctimonious scholars had the terrible tortures those old martyrs endured, we read about, to go through with; we should soon see who were the hypocrites, and who the true believers; and precious few there would be, in my opinion. What do you say, Miss Holven?" The speaker had a dark, supercilious face, with stormy eyes, and scarlet lips of scornful passion, exactly the reverse of the one addressed, with her light, fair face, the very impression of peace and purity, though it accompanied almost a painfully slight form, that gave the appearance of great delicacy. The one might have impersonated anger, the other pity; the one hate, the other love.

"I think," she commenced, in low, earnest tones, clasping her book nervously, "that true Christians do have their trials now. You are mistaken, and judge harshly, if you think it is an easy matter to address another on the subject of personal religion, especially if you know that it is adverse to them. Last evening, when I spoke to some of you," she went on, hurriedly, "I would have endured almost any physical pain rather than suffer the imputation of being intrusive or impertinent from those whose good opinion I value so highly. But I was impelled to do it, even if I knew it would cost me the friendship of some I love best here."

Her voice became tremulous, while the blue eyes filled. She turned to wave away. The first speaker, Miss Ayre, looked steadily out of the window, but the haughty lines of her proud face softened very perceptibly. "Little unweaving saint," exclaimed the dark girl, sneeringly. "With what effusion and fervor she plays her part! and much it is to be regretted it could not move us more."

"Julie Dorr!" And Miss Ayre turned sharply. "You know that, whatever the rest of us may be, Elsie Holven is no hypocrite, but the soul of sincerity itself."

"Oh, her affection was not lost upon all of us, then," commenced Julie, contemptuously. "But, happily, just at this moment the clang of a bell broke up the group, and hastened the girls away. Few were the friendships formed by Julie Dorr among her classmates; but, with all her dislikes, she yet seemed to cherish a peculiar spite against Elsie Holven. This was extremely trying to so sensitive a nature, which was one of those instinctively reaching out to her associates for protection and love. She was an orphan, while Julie was the only child of wealthy parents. They both excelled in painting, and were now engaged in competing for a prize to be awarded at the coming examination.

The grounds belonging to the residence of the Principal were quite extensive, and across them was a path, which led to some fine old woods beyond. This was usually accessible to the scholars, but during some alterations the gates were closed and forbidden for a season. Julie Dorr, with her usual headstrong independence, was regardless of this rule on several occasions, without being detected; but one day, coming hastily out, she failed to properly secure the gate, as she thought she had done, and much mischief ensued in consequence.

The following morning the assembled school were closely questioned. Elsie looked in sorrowful surprise at Julie, who never moved, or raised eye or hand in answer to the summons. Then she went slowly up to the teacher, and said, so low none heard but him: "You ask those who can give you any information to come up here. I was unfortunate enough to see from my window who left the gate unclosed, and sent word at once to you, as it was after the hour we are allowed to leave our rooms. I would rather you should inflict the punishment on me than tell her name."

Hardly, at another time, would that pleading, pitiful face have been raised in vain; but this morning the Principal was in an unusually bad humor, and imperatively demanded to know the offender. Julie Dorr was called up, and severely reprimanded, with restrictions and extra lessons assigned her. She returned to her seat, full of wrath, her eyes darting lurid lightnings towards the downcast face of her informant.

Not long after this Elsie received a summons to Julie's room, and obeyed, with some trepidation and misgivings, which were far more than realized.

A bright fire was lit in the grate, which was the first thing she observed as being unusual at the time of year. Julie received and addressed her with mock politeness, as she ushered her into the room. Her voice was far from sounding like oil poured forth, but resembled more the bubbling of boiling water burning away when a storm is at hand.

"I have sent for you," she said, "as the best illustration of early piety our school affords; only, I am a little tired of seeing an unvarying phase of it, and have a curiosity to see the other side. So I have prepared a little wholesome discipline, a sort of fiery

trial, on a small scale. You have done your best to humiliate and disgrace me before the whole school, and I, for one, believe in the law of retaliation. Do you see this?" she said, suddenly holding up a picture, which Elsie recognized, with horror, as the one all her spare time for many weeks had been devoted to. "Look at it well," continued her tormentor, "for it is the last time you will ever see it. It is an ambitious painting, and will win a brilliant prize. Yes, I design for it a blazing setting!" and she threw it lightly to the leaping flames.

Then it was Elsie recovered power to move and speak, and sprang forward with a cry; but Julie deftly interposed a table, and herself confronted her.

"It is as I expected," she said, tauntingly. "You will make a noise, and call everybody, and tell what a monster of iniquity I am, and so win more love for yourself and hate for me. Where now is the vaunted spirit with which Christians can endure persecution? Vex them a little, and they appear in their true light. Go away! I have seen enough of it."

Elsie did not look at the cruel face, triumphing in her torture, but at the dark blue spirals of smoke, and glowing spurts of fire, like flaming steps, up which her picture had vanished like a beautiful wraith. Then slowly, without saying a word, she left the room, with its new, strong and pungent odor; and, going to her own pressed her throbbing temples with both hands, saying over and over to herself, "Why does she hate me so? why does she hate me so?"

The old proverb of the wise man and the pit seemed likely to be fulfilled in this case, for, two weeks before the close of the term, Julie was taken sick with a disease of an infectious type, and removed to her home. She saw the prize slip from her grasp of which at last she had been so sure. It was a bitter blow, and aggravated her sickness. It was not till after the commencement of another term that she was able to resume her place and studies. Greatly to her surprise, she had heard her painting, which she had left unfinished, had received the coveted award. She suspected who had completed it, and was quite ready to resent the interference if the offending person were Elsie Holven. She remarked a strange air of silence on the morning of her arrival, and noticed with affected indifference the averted looks and cool salutation of her classmates, and the suppressed, sad manner of her teacher, whose mind seemed pre-occupied. At the first opportunity she applied to her for what she so much wished to know. Motioning her to follow, she said they would go down to Mrs. Burns (that was where some of the teachers boarded, just on the verge of the school grounds). Julie felt sure now it was Elsie she should see, and burning words waited for utterance, in return for the well-intended kindness. In perfect silence they reached the house, passed through the parlor, across the wide hall, and into a large and pleasant sitting-room, its long, low windows open, and blossoming plants leaning in with confidential fragrance. Julie could see there was a bed in the room, but the teacher kept before her till they reached the side of it, when she quietly stepped aside, and Julie was looking at Elsie.

Oh, how thin was the poor, pale face, white as the snowy drapery about her, yet with its smile of ineffable peace and restfulness. The long, fair hair, unbound, fell in a glory round her, and framed her in its beauty. The blue, wistful eyes were closed, and the curved lashes looked like dark and exquisite pencillings on the marble whiteness beneath. The small, lithe fingers lay close together; the busy hands looked still, oh, so still now.

In incredulous alarm Julie spoke to her teacher, "I had not heard she was sick," she said.

"It was only a few days ago that she would give entirely up. She worked for us all, to the last, and she did not forget you. This she left for you."

In the picture placed in her hands Julie had a *fac simile* of the one she so unfeelingly destroyed. It represented a storm raging in a valley, just when the sullen clouds were parting, and light was shining on the sun-lit heights beyond. It was the last drop needed in a cup brimming over by the unexpected shock of the sight before her. Julie went down on her knees, hiding her face, while her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs.

Said her teacher, regarding her with interest, "I wish you could have been here before she died. She talked to all the girls, as she was just going out of their lives. I think they will always take her memory with them. It will make them better."

"I shall," said Julie to herself—going out, for once, thoroughly subdued. On the day of the funeral there came from Julie's home a box of the most beautiful and costly flowers. She arranged them herself, and vied with the rest in paying every attention to the gentle dead for whom she had cared so little while living.

Very many of that band of school girls Elsie left behind her became noble Christian women, and carried the sweet influence of her life in ever-extending and widening lines of thought and action.

Not long ago, in a magnificent dwelling, I saw the last little painting that Elsie ever did. It hung in the private room of the lady of the house, and was encased in a lovely frame, of the richest foreign workmanship. Un-

derneath was the sweet spiritual face of Elsie herself. It was painted from memory by the owner of that princely mansion, Julie Dorr R—n.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

There came to our home, one sweet summer day, A spirit from heaven, an angel in clay. So happy and loving, so artless in style, That the house was made warm with the light of her smile.

We named her "our Nina," and gave her our love; We called her "our treasure," a gift from above; We cultured her conscience, and taught her to pray; We told her of Jesus, the Life and the Way;

Her soul caught the spirit and peace of the skies; She looked up adoring; love shone from her eyes; She spoke oft of heaven, the dear Son of God, And pondered the pathway His footsteps had trod.

The angels were watching the growth of her love, And waited impatient to take her above, To free her from sorrow, and tears frequent flow, And carry her safely away from earth's woe.

In Spring's early gladness the enemy came; He saw her fair features, her light airy frame; He marked her his victim; he would not let her go; He marked her his victim; he would not let her go.

The poor wounded child lay, white as the snow; No murmur escaped her; she smiled at death's blow. For she saw her dear Jesus, with arms opened wide, Inviting her hence to a seat by His side.

'T was morning; the sun with unclouded blaze Had risen, revealing his sweet Sabbath rays, When the angels came down on the wings of the light, And took Nina home, far away from all night.

Oh, pangs of the cross, sublimely endured For the glory that followed, which Christ thus secured, Teach us how to bear our deep, bitter grief, In the hope that the future will bring us relief.

In the joy of this faith our tears are all dried; We know we shall find her, and ever abide Where Christ in His glory is crowned King of kings, And a royal hosanna eternally rings.

But, as dawns the glad day that tokens His birth, We fondly remember her words when on earth; How often she spoke of the sweet Christmas days, And the way we should spend them, "in anthems of praise."

By faith we can hear, in mansions above, The spirit of Nina, with rapturous love, Singing the song which the angels began, "Glory to God, and good will unto man."

Then hail, blessed Christmas! for all the day long Our hearts shall o'er-flow with the gladness of song, For we know that "our Nina," so pure and so bright, Is forever enthroned in the fullness of light.

THE HORNETS; A FABLE.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

A spoonful of sirup in a cup attracted a hornet that was buzzing about a pantry shelf; but while he was tasting its sweets his feet became gluey, so that he could not get away, and while trying to extricate himself he lost his footing, and was adrift in the liquid.

He felt almost ashamed of himself that he could not get away, when there was hardly enough sirup to drown him; but get away he could not. In a little while another hornet came humming along, and, seeing his fellow, thought he had found something nice, and drew near to share in his good luck. He soon saw the situation, and thought he could help his unfortunate brother out of his difficulty; so, going down, he first took a taste, and then offered his assistance, putting out a foot and a feeler, and soon he was struggling beside the first one. He chose to forget for the moment, that he had gone into the cup for his own pleasure, and thought, "this is what I get by trying to serve my neighbor. More fool I," but he would not say it, for he thought his poor friend was in trouble enough already. So they both tried to get out of the mixture by bracing against each other.

The house-mother, when she saw the first hornet caught, said to herself, "there is one stinging creature the less to trouble us," and went on with her work; but, passing that way again, and seeing the second, and that both were alive, and trying to get free, thought, "well, I ought to have put them out of misery before, or else save them now, after their brave struggles. So, pouring in some water, to clear their feet and feelers, and shaking it round, she emptied the cup out the window."

But when the water was poured in the hornets thought, "now indeed, all is over with us; the tempest will destroy us;" and when they were tossed out they thought of their dreadful and unknown fate, and grieved that they had been separated.

Soon, however, they found themselves quite near each other, and, but for a little weariness almost as well as ever; and as they were getting dry on the grass they reflected, "surely, we little know what is good for us. We get into trouble by indulging our appetite; and though we thought we could accomplish our own escape, we were getting always more and more disabled by the sirup in which we were

caught. When the waters went over us we murmured, and gave up all hope; but the flood and the tempest were sent to save us; and we are cleansed by the waters."

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

The promise is given us that we may be made partakers of the divine nature, and thus become fruitful, and workers together with God. A gentleman once said that his nature had been so changed that it seemed to him the attraction of gravitation was reversed, and the attraction was upward toward heaven. These promises are given that we may use them. Let each one appropriate them.

There never was a time in the history of the world when there were so many women empowered from on high, and they were going forth rescuing our race, and were successful where many had failed. The words contained in Psalm lxxviii, 11, 12, 13, we look upon as prophecy, and the 12th verse reads, in the original, "Great was the female company of those that published it." We must look for great things, and expect a nation to be born in a day.

The Lord has made abundant provision for a lost world, but He don't send angels to distribute it, but gives it to His children to distribute. The disciples only had a little piece, and probably broke it with a trembling hand, but it multiplied as fast as they broke it; and instead of a little piece being left, there were baskets full. We ought to be more liberal with what God gives us. There are hungry souls all around us; let us make use of the promises in getting more courage to win souls.

Many testify to the fact that the habit of smoking, or some other habit which at one time seemed trivial, has kept them from enjoying the fullness of God; but when they have been led by the Spirit or providences of God to yield all, they have come in confidence to God, and have been fully saved.

"The blood of sprinkling speaketh better things than the blood of Abel." What does the blood of Abel say, as it cries from the ground? Punished, clothed with shame, a fugitive and vagabond. What does the blood of sprinkling speak? Redemption, justification, eternal life. One gives death, the other gives life, to go forth, strong in the might of Him who is able to overturn the powers of darkness.

Let us be faithful to Jesus, and by every act as well as by our external appearance, show to the world that we belong to Jesus. Let us bid a long farewell to the world, and we will see souls and God as we never saw them before.

There are many evils which Christians often go around, and under, but God needs those who have heroic faith to stand up against them, for, though we may not be giants, like David, in God's strength we may overcome. If we belong to the household of faith, the lintel of whose door is sprinkled with the blood, we are saved. Joseph was not saved for his virtue, David for his praying, Paul for his loving labor, nor Wesley for his devotion; but all who are saved, are saved because under the blood.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS. A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

I should like to put this in your paper. I was going to skate, one day, on a pond, a little distance from our house. After I had gone around the pond five times, I went near a hole in the middle, and the ice broke and I fell in, up to my waist. After a boy pulled me out I went right home.

I shall not go skating again when older people tell me the ice is not safe. My little sister Bessie has got a kitten; when it is shut out in the hall, it will stand up on its hind paws, and rattle the door-knob. I am a little boy, nine years of age, and I read your paper. My name is WILLIE A. DURNETT.

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